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LANDSCAPE—*by Zainul Abedin.*

I

BACKGROUND

Pakistan Before the Aryans

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

The conventional date for the first arrival of invaders speaking an Aryan language in what is now West Pakistan is the 15th Century B.C. That event was one of outstanding importance in the Asiatic world. It marked the arrival in the sub-continent not merely of a language which lies close to the parent stem of Persian, Urdu, Greek, Latin, Celtic, and English, but of an altogether new way of life, in the modern term, a new ideology. In a sense, it marked the beginning of the modern era.

What lay behind that epoch-making event? Is it, in any case, our concern to enquire about remote Pre-Aryans, so distant from ourselves in time and kind? The answer to the latter question is a simple one. Amongst the lessons of history, one of the most persistent is this; that it is often a conquered people who wins through in the end. In the West, ancient Rome conquered the highly civilized Greeks or Hellenes, and was in turn Hellenized by them, England was conquered by the Normans from France, and in a few generations the Normans had become Englishmen. So also in Pakistan; the Aryan invaders adopted characteristics of the Punjabis and Sindhis whom they mastered, and thus transmitted to future ages much that was of native, non-Aryan origin. To understand the later and even the modern history of Pakistan we must know something then of the country before the Aryans came to it.

In the distant epoch we are at the mercy of archaeology. In Pakistan, no written word that we can understand related historically to a period earlier than the Aryans. But by digging carefully into the soil, and finding what things are buried more deeply, *i.e.* are more ancient than other things, we gradually reconstruct a sequence of objects and cultures which constitutes a sort of rough and ready time-table. And then by comparing some of these objects with others found elsewhere, for instance in Mesopotamia, where written

history began earlier we are gradually able to produce a more exact time-scale which has something of the value of real history.

Palaeolithic Man

But even in Mesopotamia there is no recorded history that carries us back beyond 3000 B.C. and the calendar of Egypt — the oldest in the world — began theoretically only in 4241 B.C. Fortunately, today physical and botanical science is in various forms beginning to come to our aid where human records fail. It would take us too far afield to indicate its many applications to our subject. Here it must suffice to note that by various methods scientists have by something more than guesswork, been able to ascribe old stone (or "Palaeolithic") implements, such as have been found in West Pakistan, to a period as unbelievably remote as half a million years ago. These stone implements have been discovered particularly in the ancient "terraces" of the river Sohan or Soan, near Rawalpindi, Punjab, but would doubtless be found elsewhere in Pakistan if search were made for them. In their simplest form they consist of roughly sharpened pebbles of quartzite, often in the form of a square-ended chopper; whilst more elaborate examples are carefully chipped all over to form a pearshaped "hand-axe" six inches or more in length.

At present we know too little about them to say how long each type remained in use but we must suppose that for many thousands of years men lived beside the rivers of the Punjab, gradually improving their simple equipment with a slowness and dullness beyond the credibility of an age which has passed in a few years from the bullock-cart to the jet-aeroplane! What we do know is that during this long process of Stone-Age evolution the landscape of Pakistan underwent a succession of drastic changes. Four or five times in phases of arctic cold, snow and ice swept down on to the plains in the form of great rivers or glaciers and then ages afterwards, withdrew once more into the Himalayas as the climate became temporarily warmer again in the so called inter-glacial stages.

Of the men who made these "palaeolithic" implements we at present know nothing. In other parts of the world human skeletons of equivalent age have from time to time been brought to light and no doubt in Pakistan also when skilled search is made will enable us to reconstruct something of the appearance of these first inhabitants of Pakistan. Meanwhile, we cannot guess their aspect, though we may suppose that some at least of them were very unlike ourselves. And the incompleteness of our knowledge extends also to their equipment. We know something of their stone tools or weapons because these happen to be of durable material. We know nothing of the perishable equip-

ment of wood and bone, of skins and fibre, which they may have made in far greater elaboration. We know nothing of their religion or of their social organization, save that on analogy we may suppose that they lived in small scattered groups, hunting and fishing and gathering the natural fruits of the countryside as yet without agriculture or anything approaching civilization.

Ancient Hill-villages

When next we encounter human life in West Pakistan agriculture has already been sufficiently developed to enable village communities to live in the recesses of the Baluchistan hills and even on the Indus plain. Today, these villages are mostly deserted and have assumed the form of a shapeless mound known in the North-West Frontier as a *dehri*, in Sind as a *daro*, in Baluchistan as a *dhamb*, in Persia as a *tepe* or amongst the Arabs as *tell*. This last name has passed into archaeological parlance, and will be used here. The *tell* is an artificial mound resulting from the building and rebuilding of a town or village on the same site, each successive structure being built upon the remains of its predecessor so that age by age the mound gradually rises upon its own dead self, sometimes to a height of 100 feet or more. The houses were of mud-brick or stone, and were occasionally (perhaps usually) enclosed within a fortification. Roundabout were the fields and groves and sometimes neighbouring nalas or stream-beds were dammed to assist irrigation. As we shall see, the climate when these villages flourished (roughly, 3000—1000 B.C.) was considerably damper than it is today and the large number of them in some of the main valleys implies a fairly considerable settled population.

These villages represent in some measure a sort of human overflow from the Persian plateau, of which the Baluchistan hills form the eastern fringe. From this same plateau before 3000 B.C. a previous or partly contemporary overflow had descended westwards upon the receding delta of the Tigris and the Euphrates and had there constituted settlements which were to become famous as Ur or Al Ubaid or Eridu or Susa. And in the next section we shall see how some centuries later, something of the same sort happened in the valley of the Indus.

The Indus Valley Civilization

The manner wherein the village life of which we have just spoken developed and found its fulfilment in the great Indus Valley Civilization of about 2500—1500 B.C. has not yet been determined. At present we are confronted with the spectacle of a civilization which is at the outset fully grown. It appears suddenly as one of the great civilizations

of the ancient world, of wider extent than the contemporary civilizations either of Egypt or of Mesopotamia and in many ways strangely remote from them. For several centuries perhaps a millennium, it flourished, almost unchanged from age to age. Then it vanished, in circumstances which seem gradually to be becoming a little clearer to us. Let us glance at its extent and quality, and then consider its end.

About 2000 B.C. it would have been possible to travel from Sutkagen-dor, near the shores of the Arabian Sea over 300 miles west of Karachi, to the village of Rupar near the foot of the Simla hills — a distance of 100 miles — and to see on all sides men living in various degrees the same mode of life, making the same kind of pots and tools and ornaments and possibly administered by the same government. It will be observed that this great stretch of country coincides very nearly with the present West Pakistan, and for a significant reason: West Pakistan, like the Indus Civilization, belongs essentially to the vast fertile valley of the Indus and its tributaries, sheltered by hills, sea and desert from its less favoured neighbours save where in the Punjab, the northern plains continuously fringe the foot-hills of the Himalayas. The Indus Civilization can thus be claimed in a real sense as a prehistoric prototype of West Pakistan.

Ancient Towns

Within this immense territory, archaeologists have found no fewer than thirty-seven town or village sites (*tells*) representing this civilization, and many more undoubtedly await discovery. Amongst them, two are of outstanding size; Moenjo Daro or the " Hill of the Dead " in the Larkana District of Sind, and Harappa near Montgomery in the Punjab. These sites, each about three miles in circumference, are 400 miles apart, and recall to us, how in the 9th century A.D. two Arab principalities divided the Indus between them with capitals similarly spaced at Multan in the Punjab and at Mansurah in Sind. But whether some 3,000 years earlier Harappa and Moenjo Daro represented an equivalent dual control or whether, behind them was a single centralized Government, we can only guess. All that we can affirm is that, in some measure or other, both of these great cities must have possessed a metropolitan status.

It was at one of them, Harappa, that the civilization was first revealed to modern eyes in 1921; but the site had been much despoiled in the 19th century, and today Moenjo Daro, after many years of archaeological excavation, is more informative to the visitor. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that Moenjo Daro is one of the most dramatic ancient sites in the world, and it certainly well repays the somewhat arduous journey to

it. It lies on the flood plain of the Indus and was doubtless protected originally by lines of embankment, which subsequently decayed and have been replaced only in recent times.

The Citadel

Today, Moenjo Daro is a series of irregular mounds amongst sand and tarmarisk-bushes, dominated towards the west by a higher mound which is capped by the remains of a Buddhist stupa of the 2nd or 3rd century A.D. This dominant mound, some 400 yards from north to south and 200 yards from east to west, was the citadel where the principal religious and administration buildings of the city — a sacred bath or tank, a cloistered residence, pillared assembly-halls, and a large granary — were assembled on a high artificial platform of mud and mud-brick. Here, it may be, the priest-king and his council conducted the affairs of state with that rigid discipline which the uniformity and regimentation of the Indus Civilization implies.

The Civic Life

This regimentation is at once evident in the layout of the lower city, at the foot of the citadel. Wide, straight streets divide the plan into regular blocks of " islands " some 400 yards in length by 200—300 yards in breadth. An elaborate brick-built drainage system drains the streets and the flanking buildings which discharge their waste through chutes in the house walls. Manholes, sometimes with little heaps of debris beside them, show that the drains were cleared by municipal sanitary squads. The houses and shops are trimly built of baked bricks, and brick stairs lead to (former) upper storeys or flat roofs. Wells occur at frequent intervals. In one quarter are regular rows of workmen's dwellings, recalling a simliar arrangement below the citadel at Harappa, where also behind the dwellings, are lines of circular platforms for the pounding of grain and serried group of granaries for its storage. The recurrent sense of civic discipline is further manifested by the systems of stone weights found here and there throughout the town: for these weights conform strictly with a constant standard, and imply a regular system of inspection.

Perhaps as a reflex of this ever-present civic discipline is a certain barrack-like quality in the architecture. Its present condition is not of course fully representative; the walls were formerly plastered and perhaps coloured, and there may have been carved and painted woodwork. Some of the furniture was inlaid with shell faience. But even in its prime the city must have been outwardly somewhat monotonous, a little lacking in architectural imagination.

Historical Finds

Not that its crafts are without variety and interest. The pottery, mostly of a rich red colour, is diversified with dark scale patterns, intersecting circles, pipal-leaves, occasional peacocks or cattle or fish or even human beings. Necklaces and girdles of stone, clay, faience or even gold beads are worn by most of the women. Little terracotta figurines seem to show that women of rank and fashion wore elaborate head-dresses with wide basket-like extensions; and we have to remember that what may have been an extensive and elaborate cloth industry has completely perished and must remain beyond our knowledge. A comparatively simple equipment of copper or bronze knives and axes and spears, supplemented by abundant flakes of chert, sufficed the craftsman and the hunter in peace or the soldier in war. In one category alone did the Indus craftsmanship excel all others of its kind, in the production of small steatite plaques or " seals " (their exact function is unknown) bearing representations of animals or, more rarely, of gods. These seals are now world famous, and justly so. At their best, they are vividly beautiful yet restrained representations of the animals that the engraver saw about him: oxen, buffaloes, elephants, tigers, rhinoceros, crocodiles, with occasional fantastic mixtures which were probably of religious significance, and now and then human figures. A majority of the seals bear a semi-pictographic inscription in an alphabet which, like that of ancient Crete, has not yet been convincingly read. We must hope that some day, either in Pakistan or in Mesopotamia, a bilingual inscription will be found to give us the necessary clue.

Religion and Economy

The seals have introduced us to the question of the Indus Valley religion. Up to the present, no Indus Valley temple has been identified with certainty. Numerous terracotta figures of women suggest the worship of a Mother-goddess, and there are other hints o a fertility-cult. There are suggestions also of snake-worship and of the worship of trees, particularly the holy fig or pipal, as in the sub-continent today. It may be that a stone bust of a bearded man with the shaven upper-lip characteristic also of Mesopotamia and wearing a cloak decorated with inland trefoils such as are found on representations of sacred bulls and cows of the late 3rd and 2nd millennia B.C. from Mesopotamia and Egypt, is that of a priest or even a god. The indication is that of a complex of religious observances representing various grades of society and of beliefs.

How and when did this Indus Civilization live, and how did it die? It lived primarily by agriculture, in an age when agriculture in the Indus Valley must have been

easier than it is today, the marsh and jungle-animals on the seals mentioned above indicate a landscape very different from the dusty scene that now surrounds the site. The millions of baked bricks used in these industries pre-supposes not only a climate too rainy for the general use of unbaked mud bricks, but also vast quantities of wood fuel for their baking. From remains found during the excavations, we know that in fact wheat, barley, sesamum, field-peas and a species of rai were freely grown, and that even cotton was either grown or traded. Of commercial contact with the outside world there is not much evidence, although a part of what there is has a bearing upon our second question: when did this Civilization flourish?

In the protohistoric cities of Mesopotamia, archaeologists have from time to time found seals, inlays and pottery of the distinctive Indus Valley types in deposits of known date. Most of these deposits are of about 2300 B.C. others may be later, one or two may be a little earlier. It is evident therefore that the Indus Civilization was flourishing at least three centuries before and probably somewhat after 2000 B.C. Other evidence (notably, certain pins and a type of "segmented" faience bead) makes it pretty clear that the Civilization lasted in fact well into the 2nd millennium and carries us to the threshold of the Aryan invasions. This brings us to our last question; how did the Indus Civilization end?

The Aryan Invasion

On this point there is a growing measure of agreement. Archaeological evidence has brought the Indus Valley Civilization to the Aryans; the literary tradition brings the Aryans to the Indus Valley Civilization. It is agreed that the Rigveda, which, though first written down in modern times, has been referred back to the 12th century B.C. or beyond in the form of a reliable verbal transmission, represents from the Aryan point of view the conditions of the invasion of the Punjab by the earliest wave of Aryans. These Vedic hymns make it clear that the mobile, city-less invaders differed at every point from the long-static citizens whom they invaded. The term used for the cities of the aborigines is *pur*, meaning a "fort" or "stronghold" and Indra, the Aryan war-god, is *puramdara* "fort-destroyer." He "rends forts as age consumes a garment."

Where are — or were — these native citadels? The Indus Valley Civilization was, in the sense of the Rigveda "aboriginal." It was essentially of non-Aryan type. It dominated the river-system of West Pakistan at about the time of the Aryan invasions of that region. What then destroyed this firmly settled civilization? For destroyed it was: archaeologists have found the bones of some of its last citizens lying about the streets as they fell during

a final massacre. It is now generally accepted that the Indus cities were, in fact, those referred to in the Rigveda and that they were destroyed by Aryan invaders in or about the 15th century B.C.

This has been concerned solely with West Pakistan. In East Pakistan we have at present no equivalent evidence upon which to draw. Archaeologically, premediaeval Bengal is almost unexplored. Indeed, on all sides in Pakistan, East and West, we are confronted with historical and archaeological problems of absorbing interest and far-reaching importance; and the ancient Pakistan is a challenge to the new.

Ancient Trade in West Pakistan

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER

Barred from the east by desert and jungle, West Pakistan in ancient times looked westwards by land and sea. Only when, in the middle ages, powerful Islamic armies thrust through into the North Indian plains, was the traditional bias toward the west seriously modified; and even then the Indus region retained close and special cultural links with the lands which we know as Iran and Iraq.

How far back these western links go we cannot at present determine. It is certain, however, that the earliest civilization of West Pakistan — the famous Indus Civilization of four thousand years ago — derived most of its material elements from Iran through the Baluch borderland, whilst it is more than probable that at the same time the whole idea of civilization and writing, as distinct from their material embodiment, came from the great river valleys of Iraq or Mesopotamia.

It is important at the outset to distinguish between those two elements: material things on the one hand, and ideas on the other. The material character of the great Indus cities differed at many points from that of the ancient Mesopotamian cities such as Ur or Lagash. It had a far closer relationship with that of the Baluch villages which, in one form or another, flourished for several centuries before the Indus Civilization, as we know it, began. But these villages were restricted in their development by the mountainous region in which they subsisted. Only when some of the villagers, greatly daring, found their way down to the river plains of West Pakistan during the third millennium B.C. was the further and decisive step towards civilization possible. And, when that time came, these pioneers already had a pattern, an idea, of civilization ready to hand in the great valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. There, for several centuries, cities had already flourished, a political system had been evolved, and a workable script had been in use

for the keeping of accounts and other records. The Indus people now took over these ideas and remodelled them to their own liking. The new Indus script differed completely from that of Mesopotamia, and the new Indus cities, such as Harappa and Moenjo Daro, differed widely from their prototypes in the West. But there can be little doubt that the Indus citizens learned from Mesopotamia; learned and adapted, without slavishly copying what they learned.

Early Evidence

Trade, no doubt, sustained this important though distant relationship between the Indus and the Two Rivers, principally, no doubt, by way of the Persian Gulf. Tangible evidence, however, is slight. Indus Valley seals have been found in Mesopotamia, and presumably travelled there on bales, possibly of cotton which has been found at Moenjo Daro. One Indus seal has been discovered even as far afield as Syria. Beads and pottery and little stone or pottery boxes for incense or cosmetics were interchanged on a small scale. Timber may also have been exported, but of that no trace survives. From other directions too, goods were occasionally traded to the Indus: the blue lapis lazuli from Afghanistan, turquoise from Iran, jade from Central Asia, and a jade-like stone from Mysore.

In this interchange, the island of Bahrein in the middle of the Persian Gulf seems to have acted as the principal commercial rendezvous. Particularly in the time of the Larsa Dynasty in Mesopotamia, soon after 2000 B.C., cuneiform texts tell us that merchants from Ur on the Euphrates were exporting garments, oil and other commodities from their homeland to "Telmun," which seems to have been Bahrein, where they traded them for copper, beads and ivory. These wares were brought to the island from "Makkan" and "Meluhha," which may with some probability be regarded as Indus territories. This sea-trade may have been supplemented by over-land caravans, but was in all likelihood the main channel of intercourse between the two civilizations, that of Sumer and Akkad on the one hand and of the Indus Valley on the other.

Nevertheless, the material evidence for Indus Valley trade in the third and second millennia is surprisingly small, even with all allowance for the probability that much of it may have been in perishable substances. In the light of present knowledge, it was not until the 1st century A.D. — perhaps fifteen centuries after the end of the Indus Civilization — that West Pakistan became the scene of a vigorous and far-reaching commercial activity. By that time the region was well within the reach of history, and both written

record and archaeological relics have something to tell us about the activity in question.

First, the historical aspect. When written records begin to throw a little light, however fitfully, upon the vast spaces of Asia, there are already traces of a far-flung system of trade in luxury goods. China had a monopoly of silk-production, and silk was widely sought; India produced the best spices, particularly the pepper, which for over two thousand years, has enlivened the world's cooking; precious or semi-precious stones were found in India, Afghanistan and Iran; the most famous pearls came from South India, incense from South Arabia; and from the West this trade was balanced by manufactured goods of a considerable variety. In all this complicated interchange, West Pakistan probably contributed nothing in the way of natural products, but it nevertheless played a very active part.

Trade Routes

The reasons for this activity were partly geographical and partly political. The primary goals of the Asian trade were China on the east and the Mediterranean on the west. Between these extremes, alternative caravan-routes from China outflanked the Gobi Desert and converged on Balkh, the ancient Bactra, on the steppe of northern Afghanistan. To-day this great site is a mass of mounds and crumbling walls no less than seven miles in circumference, with a tiny modern town or village in its midst. At one time, it was known as the Mother of Cities, and here met carriers and merchants from all parts of Asia; for here the main current of east-west trade was joined by another from the south-east, coming from the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent through a cleft in the mountain-barrier of the Hindu-Kush. This branch-route passed by the former city of Begram, near Kabul, whence, by way of the Kabul river, it crossed the Indus to Taxila, near the modern Rawalpindi. Thence alternative ways led to the Indus delta, in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad (Sind), or to Broach the ancient Barygaza, in Gujerat.

Now the importance of this branch-route to Pakistan and India lay not merely in its use for the diffusion of goods to or from the sub-continent. It lay also in the fact that the direct axial route between East and West across Asia was frequently blocked in Iran by the hostility of the Parthians and their successors, the Sasanids, to the neighbouring Roman Empire. This antagonism led to the setting up of something like an " Iron Curtain " across Iran and eastern Iraq and the consequent blockage of trade by excessive dues or absolute prohibition. Thus impeded, the traders to and from China and the Mediterranean did not cease to trade but had to find alternative and devious lines of traffic. In fact, they

used the branch-route through the Hindu-Kush for this purpose, leaving the axial ruote at Bactra and shipping their goods to or from the West at Indus or Gujerati ports. The whole situation was not unlike that which arose recently from the blocking of the Suez Canal and the consequent diversion of east-west trade round the Cape of Good Hope.

In this fashion, during the first two or three centuries A.D. West Pakistan became a vital transit-region in Asian commerce. From two main sources some detailed knowledge of this through-trade is forthcoming. The first of these is historical: it is the well-known commercial guide-book written by an un-named Egyptian Greek soon after A.D 60, and has come down to us as " The Periplus of the Erythean Sea ," or in other words, " The Navigation of the Red Sea ." By the " Red Sea " the writer meant, not merely the sea now so called, but all the seas traversed by the Oriental trade of the period: the Indian Ocean, the Arabian Sea, the Persian Gulf, and even the Bay of Bengal. His knowledge was extensive, and much of it has the ring of personal experience about it. He tells us of the trade between the Graeco-Egyptian ports of the Red Sea (in the modern sense of the term) and the marshy delta of the Indus, which he transcribes as the " Sinthus. " In his day the region was occupied by Scythians, ruled perhaps from far away Taxila; and the two principal market towns hereabouts were Barbaricum and Minnagara. The latter may have been at or near Hyderabad in Sind, but neither has been convincingly identified, and both of these important places remain a challenge to Pakistan archaeologists.

The author tells us that through Barbaricum there came from the west " figured linens, topaz, coral, storax (an incense), frankincense, vessels of glass and silver, gold plate, and a little wine. " In return, from various parts of Asia came perfumes of various kinds, turquoise, lapis lazuli, skins, muslin, silk yarn, and indigo. It is clear that already by about A.D. 60, the trade of central and eastern Asia was using the devious Indus route. And, at about this time, other political factors obtruded on the scene. In the latter part of the 1st century A.D. the Kushans, a sect from Central Asia, overran Bactra and advanced south-eastwards along our trade-route into the sub-continent. Thus a measure of unified control was established along that route and reinforced by the wide outlook and business acumen of the new Kushana rulers, this arterial trade was encouraged. Cities beside the route—Taxila, Peshawar, Begram and doubtless others—now took on a new lease of life as commercial check-stations and custom-depots.

Archaeological Evidence

Thus it is that archaeological excavations both at Taxila and at Begram have

yielded, amongst much local material, a rich series of objects culled from this transit trade. The most remarkable discovery was made at Begram, where French archaeologists in 1937-39 uncovered two walled-up rooms in a palace or other large administrative building and found within them a collection of objects which is unique in Asia. Beside the remains of lacquer-ware from China was a magnificent series of carved ivories from India and a great number of bronzes and glassware from the Roman West. It would seem that the store contained the customs rake-off from passing caravans over a period of a hundred years or more in the 2nd and 3rd centuries A.D. This great treasure is preserved mostly in the National Museum at Kabul, but some part of it is in the Musee Guimet in Paris. It has not yet been fully published.

Then again the excavations carried out for more than twenty years by the old Archaeological Survey of India revealed a more limited number of objects which had been traded in from the West and can now be seen at Taxila itself or in the National Museum at Karachi. They include a silver representation of the Greek god Dionysus, a charming bronze statuette of the Egyptian child-god Harpocrates made probably by a Greek at Alexandria, two or three Graeco-Roman gems, a spoon and various bronze and glass vessels of Graeco-Roman design, and number of plaster heads which are Western rather than Oriental in character. These heads bring us to another aspect of the trade which we are now discussing.

Although this trade has been properly described as essentially a transit-trade in so far as West Pakistan and southern Afghanistan are concerned, there is one aspect of it which left a durable impress upon certain of the regions through which it passed. From Alexandria, which was one of the main Western bases of the trade, examples of plaster or stucco sculpture found their way in cargoes and caravans to the Kushana Empire, to which Taxila and Begram both belonged. The material, stucco, occurs in large quantities along the Mediterranean coastline near Alexandria, and the flourishing schools of art in that city used it profusely. Now, in the 1st and 2nd centuries A.D. this art or skill penetrated to the Kushana cities, and, in addition to the examples mentioned at Taxila, others, also of Western type, were included in the Begram treasure. In one way and another, local patrons thus became, familiar with this cheap but effective Western mode.

Now it so happened that at this time Buddhism, though not the only religion of the Kushana empire, was in special favour at the Kushana court. It happened also that the Buddhist creed, which had begun long before as a philosophy rather than as a religion,

was now approximating more and more to a religious faith, with the Buddha as its venerated centre. This process of deification, as it may loosely be called, produced new iconographical needs, which the traditional Buddhist art was not wholly equipped to meet. On the other hand, classical Western art had long been familiar with parallel problems, and that Western art now came to the rescue, at first through the normal channels of trade and later, doubtless, by deliberate acts of patronage on the part of the Kushana nobility. This new patronage of the West by the East may even have included the occasional importation of Western artists and craftsmen; for example, the ancient story that King Gondophernes purchased St. Thomas as a slave in Jerusalem for the purpose of building his palace at Taxila may not be true but must have been sufficiently possible to achieve acceptance.

The reality and extent of this Western influence upon the Buddhist art of West Pakistan and even far beyond its borders is indubitable but must not be exaggerated. Western types such as Apollos, fawns, cupid—seven mythological scenes from the West, such as the legend of the Trojan Horse—were imported into the Buddhist Orient, and with them the art of modelling or moulding in stucco as a cheaper alternative to stone-carving. At the same time, these borrowings were quickly turned into a local currency. The Western ideas were assimilated to the Eastern genius and helped to build up a new artistic tradition which was essentially of the East. A visit to the museums at Karachi, Lahore, Taxila or Peshawar will readily illustrate the measure of this assimilation. By reason of it those museums contain to-day a wealth of sculptural art which, dating from the days before Islam, is nevertheless a proud witness to the wide horizons of an ancestral Pakistan.

Pakistan and Western Asia

PROF. NORMAN BROWN

Western Pakistan is a region which has been conspicuously important in the development of civilization. This is not merely because the Indus Valley and the adjacent areas west of it were the seats of early civilizations, and rank in that respect only a little later than ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt. Doubtless every one is aware of the numerous archaeological sites of the third millennium B.C. there, the chief of which were first publicly reported in 1924 not so much as thirty years ago. The importance also lies in the fact that in the area of Western Pakistan cultural blending, with the development of new forms of civlization, has been in progress throughout the entire period of its recorded history and doubtless in even earlier periods for which we lack historical documents but have archaeological data of other sorts. The effects of this cultural blending have been felt not only in what is now Western Pakistan but throughout the entire Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. It is the purpose of this article to deal with this aspect of Western Pakistan's pre-history and history, making reference to the various periods in which cultures have met there.

The basis of the phenomenon has been the constantly recurring intrusion into the area of new forces of civilization from the West and North-west. There they would meet a civilization compounded of other forces which had entered previously from the same direction and the civilization which had been evolving in the main portion of the sub-continent. A fact of geography is influential in this connection. The Indo-Pakistan sub-continent is well protected at almost all points by natural barriers of mountain, desert, jungle, marsh or sea. Only the North-western and western sides in spite of notable mountain and desert protection, have passes penetrable by large bodies of men. These have left it vulnerable to a strong power, and they have been pierced, at least in historic times, by a number of invasions which have seriously affected the sub-continent's life.

Further, the traffic has generally been one-way. The passes have served for admitting elements of civilization to the sub-continent much more than for exporting it. West of the passes lay regions of low economic resources and development, which offered no attraction to the people of the sub-continent. But to the people of the western regions, the sub-continent was a perpetual lure. Hence through the passes came intrusions of many sorts, some ethnic, some for military conquest and rule, some for no more than plunder. The most important were the ethnic. Through the passes have come peoples from Central Asia urged on by hunger or by the pressure of other hungry and stronger peoples at their rear. Such movements might progress slowly since the people were bringing their herds with them. The greatest would eventually alter the whole nature of the culture, becoming the dominant elements in the blend, imposing their languages or their theology upon their predecessors. Sometimes an invasion would be checked shortly after debouching from the Afghanistan mountains upon the plains of the Punjab; sometimes it had a power which carried it to the east, the centre, and the south of the sub-continent, perhaps in a slow advance that continued for centuries or even millennia.

When an invasion came through the Khyber or nearby passes at the top of the North-western frontier — or less seldom, the passes lower down that frontier— it occupied the first arable land below the mountains. Usually this was the upper part of the Indus plain. This area in itself did not satisfy most invaders; they wanted more. The directions of further progress were fairly well standardized. Invaders who turned south into Sind found land of only mediocre arability, and, what was worse, they might be brought to a dead end against the sea or against the great Indian Desert on their left. In a few cases they seem to have crossed from lower Sind to Cutch and from there to eastern Rajputana and Gujrat. Much more attractive was the eastward course from the Punjab, following the Northern Indian plain, which extends for a thousand miles between the Himalayan range on the north and the hills of Central India on the south, varying in width from one hundred to two hundred miles, and probably always, as today, the sub-continent's most important agricultural region.

An invading element entering the north-west might be super-imposed upon a predecessor, which was still advancing towards the east or the south. This phenomenon gives civilization in the sub-continent its most basic feature, which is cultural overlap. This is least prevalent in the extreme South. It is most apparent in the North, where there exists, especially in Uttar Pradesh (formerly known as the United Provinces), the greatest

amount of cultural mixture. It is less striking today in the Northwest, now constituting Western Pakistan, where the latest invading culture, which is the Islamic, has been in possession long enough to achieve, through combined military domination, demographic operation, and cultural blending a notable degree of homogeneity.

The result of the process for the North-west has been that throughout pre-history it has tended to face two ways culturally at once. When a new group entered, it was closer to its outside congeners than to elements already existing in the sub-continent. Yet, after entering, it was partly isolated by the facts of topography from those same congeners. The North-west, therefore, has always had double cultural sympathies, in part with the region east of it, in part with some region to the west or north, Let us see how this has worked during the past 4,000 or more years, starting with the earliest period for which we have records of civilization.

We cannot say who were the earliest inhabitants of the sub-continent; we do not know what peoples or people, if any, living there today, are the descendants of the group which first owned civilization there. Our first archaeological data for India comes from sites in the Indus valley which we consider were occupied during a period from early in the 3rd millennium to about the 16th century B.C. It belongs to a number of separate cultures, of which the most widespread, named after the sites where they were first discovered are the 'Amri' or "Amri-Nal", which is probably the oldest, the "Harappa", which was the most important, the "Jhukar", which was the last. No one of these closely parallels any culture outside the sub-continent. Nor have we knowledge of corresponding or even contemporary cultures elsewhere within it, not even in the Ganges valley, which is the place where one might be expected to have existed and where archaeologists still do not despair of discovering one. Nevertheless partial parallels exist, which are suggestive.

The most important criterion for all is pottery, though the Harappa and the Jhukar also have other critical types of material. The Amri culture is known so far only in Sind and Baluchistan. Its painted pottery has been tentatively associated with Obeid ware in Iran of the 4th or 3rd millennia B.C. It has no known contemporary or later parallels in India. The inference would be that this culture and the people owning it entered the Indus valley from the West. It may have come by the passes of the extreme North-west and filtered southward, though so far we cannot support that theory by examples of Amri ware in the Punjab. Or it may have entered the Indus valley through the Baluchistan

passes. We clearly know too little about the Amri culture and its relations to speak with any degree of assurance.

For the Harappa culture, which is by far the most widely represented of all and endured by far the longest time, we have much better data. It had commerce with the West. There are abundant parallels with the West in motifs of pottery decoration, designs on stamp seals, and pottery figurines. They exist especially with Mesopotamia but also with Egypt and Crete. We also find many parallels in pottery and seal motifs and in style of sculpture with historic Indian material, a thousand to fifteen hundred years later. The Harappa culture is known not only in Sind, but also in the eastern part of the Punjab at Rupar on the Sutlej River, and in the south at Rangpur in Kathiawar. We do not know what people professed the Harappa culture; we cannot read their script, for they had a script, preserved chiefly on the many seals which they left us; we know nothing about their language; nor do we know precisely how to interpret the connections of that culture with Western cultures of the second millennium B.C. or with later Gangetic valley culture of the first millennium B.C. Nevertheless it seems clear that it faced two ways at once, to Iran on one side and to India on the other, and that therefore the North-west in the 3rd and early 2nd millennia stood culturally midway between Western Asian cultures and native Indian, whatever that latter was like then or wherever it was centred. We have enough data to let us see that in the north the Harappa culture was progressing eastward across the Punjab and in the south-east was adavancing across cutch toward Central India. Who or what stood in its way we cannot say.

When we come to the Jhukar culture, which is inferior to the Harappa — for example, it has no writing — we are more poorly informed. There are fewer known sites, and these are all located in Sind. It lies above the Harappa strata at Chanhudaro, has affinities in its seals with Elam and possibly Cappadocia, and its pottery bears resemblances to that of the Obeid culture. It seems just as western as the Harappa, and less like later Indian.

The cultural sequence of North-west India, as far as we know it in the 3rd and early 2nd millennia B.C. is then, first a period perhaps brief, of relationship with Iran, then a long period of mixed Iranian and later Indian affinities followed by another short period of relatively close Iranian connection.

In our present state of knowledge, we may regard the period of the Indus Valley cultures as the first epoch in the history of civilization in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. The second epoch is again one in which the North-west figures basically. This is the period

when the Aryans entered through the passes of the North-west at a time assumed to be about 1500—1200 B.C., and possessed the culture of the Rigveda, which is the first and most important book of the early Indo-Aryans and was probably compiled by 1000 B.C. The book is religious in purpose and has very little historical information, yet it and the closely related Yajur with parts of some works composed a little later, tell us all that we know about the Indo-Aryans at that time. We have no material remains of these Aryans such as cities, burials, art, crafts.

Incomplete as the data are, we can still establish certain general and suggestive facts. First, the area which the Aryans of the Rigveda held consisted primarily of the Punjab; it seems likely also to have included a part of Afghanistan to the west; it may have extended a short distance in the east beyond the Punjab into the Doab of the Ganges and the Jamna. Second, these Indo-Aryans regarded themselves as culturally different from, and of course automatically by their own definition superior to, the people whom they found in the land. The latter were enemies against whom the Aryans fought with the aid of Indra, the king of their pantheon and their patron in war. They disliked the ways of the non-Aryans, applied derogatory epithets to them, condemned their religious practices, denominated them sorcerers and adherents of the demons, and when they received any in their society, whether as captive or otherwise, made them serve without the privileges of citizenship and religion which they themselves enjoyed, an attitude generally considered to be one of the elements contributing to the formation of the caste system. Thirdly, the Aryans brought in a language unrelated to any already existing in the sub-continent. It belonged to the Indo-European language family, while the families already there were the Dravidian, now represented in southern India, and probably the Munda, now scattered in various parts of western Bengal, Bihar, and the Central Provinces. The result was linguistic clash, leading in varying measure, in different regions, to linguistic blending. As the Aryans have continued to live in the sub-continent, and have fused with the non-Aryans, the conflict of languages followed by blending, with the Aryan element being the dominant, has continued.

The evidence of the Rigveda shows that during the centuries when the Aryans were occupying the Punjab and composing the hymns of the Rigveda, the north-west part of the sub-continent was culturally separate from the rest of India.

The closest cultural relations of the Indo-Aryans at that period were with the Iranians, whose language and sacred texts are preserved in the various works known as

the Avesta, in inscriptions in Old Persian, and in some other scattered documents. So great is the amount of material common to the Rigveda Aryans and the Iranians that the books of the two peoples show common geographic names as well as deities and ideas. The Aryans took into the sub-continent names of streams which they had known before in Afghanistan and Iran, much as British settlers brought and used in America such names as Thames or Severn or Avon. In the Rigvedic, or Early Aryan, period of cilvization in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent, the North-west was again marked off from the rest of India. Aryanism, which in later historic times became the orthodox definition of native Indian civilization was, until sometime after the beginnng of the first millennium B.C. a foreign culture in the country.

Following the Vedic Period, Aryan civilization and non-Aryan blended in the valley of the Ganges, especially about the 6th century B.C., to produce characteristic native Indian civilization, marked by distinctive features of social organization, legal institutions, religious practice and philosophical speculation, and art forms. This was all enshrined in Aryan languages.

During the latter period, that is, in the 6th century B.C., we pass from pre-history in the sub-continent to one for which historical records exist. For that century we have a small amount of data concerning Magadha, in eastern India, where the founders of Buddhism and Jainism preached, and for some nearby regions.

In that century also we have mention of the North-west in the accounts and inscriptions of the Achaemenian kings of Persia. These monarchs transgressed the line of mountains and highlands that lie west of the river Indus and won themselves territories in the Indus plain. Cyrus, founder of the dynasty, who reigned from 558-529 B.C. cannot definitely be shown to have reached the Indus, though he conquered Afghanistan and part of Baluchistan. His successor, Cambyses, seems unlikely to have extended the Persian Empire to the East. But Darius I, who reigned 521-486 B.C., affirms in his inscriptions at Persepolis and Naksh-i-Rustam that he conquered the territories of the Indus valley. Herodotus adds further information concerning the Persian occupation, the enormous amount of tribute paid by the Indian satrapies, and other items. It seems that Darius I held the entire course of the Indus from the Upper Punjab to the Arabian Sea and some land to the east of the river — how far east is not known, but most authorties seem to think that he had the sections of Sind west of the Rajputana Desert and had penetrated into the Punjab beyond the Indus. His successor, Xerxes 486-461 had Indian soldiers among his forces

along with troops from regions in Afghanistan and Baluchistan. It seems that Persia continued to hold territory in India besides the river Indus through the period of decadence of Achaemenian rule and down to the defeat of Darius III in 330 and the invasion of the Punjab by Alexander.

So scanty is our information about the North-west during Achaemenian times that we can say almost nothing about the cultural effects of the Persian domination. How close the Indo-Aryans were to their brothers the Iranians in Cyrus' time we have no record. Hints in Avestan literature tell us little. Indian literature, except for controversial Vedic passages, is silent. By deduction many conclusions have been drawn — few of them can be demonstrated to be true. Some of the most impressive seem to be those concerning the palace architecture, sculptural techniques of official pillars, and practice of carving edicts on rocks under the emperor Asoka (ca. 274-237 B.C.) in post-Achaemenian times. These were evidently modelled upon Persian prototypes, and we may assume, therefore, that in the kingdom of Magadha in eastern India, which had been gaining prestige since the sixth century B.C. the fame of the great Achaemenian rulers to the West was well established and institutions of Persia were known and counted worthy of imitation. Similarly, Kharosthi, one of the two Indian scripts which appear in the 3rd century B.C. in India's first preserved inscriptions, very likely entered India from Iran for commercial uses at that time. But how much the upper North-west retained of its old Vedic character and how much it took from the Iranians of Achaemenian times we are in no position to say. The degree to which it felt itself allied to the west, that is to Afghanistan and Persia, as well as the degree to which itself either assimilated to, or different from, eastern India we also have no means of ascertaining. The one generalization we can make is that politically the North-west was again separate from central, northern, and eastern India. The fact seems clearly to have facilitated the invasion of Alexander and to have contributed to the cultural divergence between the North-west and the rest of the sub-continent in the centuries after his time.

Alexander's invasion of the Punjab (327/26-325) is sometimes mentioned as marking the beginning of Greek influence upon the sub-continent. Though this statement is in a sense true, it is probably more accurate to say that because the Achaemenian empire included the Northwest and Alexander took it over in conquering that empire, it was natural that Hellenism, on developing in that empire after Alexander's time, should enter the North-west. The history of the area after Alexander's time is for many centuries tangled

and confused. The old Persian satrapies were at first part of the kingdom of Alexander's successor, the general Seleucos Nicator. But Chandragupta (321-297 B.C.), the founder of the Maurya dynasty at Pataliputra in eastern India, appears to have got most of the area from the Greek, but how much by war and how much by diplomacy is not certain.

His grandson, the celebrated Asoka (probably ruled 274-247 B.C.), had his border in Afghanistan, though like the British in our own times his actual "dominions" did not extend so far, possibly not farther than the present western edge of the Punjab, and he merely exercised influence without full rule over "the border peoples" beyond. The Maurya Empire appears to have broken up some time around the year 200 B.C., and a number of kingdoms more or less Greek in character existed in Afghanistan and the North-west, intheir turn followed by kingdom ruled by peoples from Central Asia, of whom the most notable were the Sakas and the Kusanas. Most of these came through the passes of the extreme North-west, but at least one group of Sakas came from Seistan to Baluchistan and into lower Sind, then across Cutch and into Rajputana.

Greek influence

During much of this time, the North-west had political affiliations with Central Asia and with Iran. The political status was partly paralleled by the cultural. There were cultural elements introduced from Central Asia, as by the Kusanas, but the great intrusive force was the Hellenistic. The Indo-Greek dynasties used Greek as well as Indian languages in their courts, and kings struck their coins in both. Art was Hellenized ; the temples had classical Greek and Roman characteristics which had been transmuted into Persian forms, and the sculpture was marked with Greek motifs and techniques, and adopted Greek inconographic types, though the subject matter was Buddhist. Meanwhile farther east India had her own types of sculpture.

The expansion, then contraction, and final withering of Hellenism in India should probably not be detailed here. Some elements of Hellenism were assimilated by the native Indian culture. These were perhaps a few in mathematics, medicine, and especially astrology, possibly also some in literature and philosophy. When the Huns in the fifth century A. D. overran the Punjab, destroying as they conquered, Hellenism collapsed in the subcontinent for good. The period of Hellenism, lasting some 600 or 700 years, terminated about 500 A. D. and native Indian culture rolled back again over at least part of the northwest.

Politically during the time when Hellenism in India was decaying and in the centuries afterward, the Northwest remained separate from northern and central India. The Gupta

Empire, which was at its height in the middle of the 4th century A. D. and the empire of Harsha in the middle of the 7th century A. D. barely reached into the Punjab and included none of Sind.

In the century immediately after Harsha, that is, in the 8th century, new elements from the West began to claim the northwestern part of India.

The invasion was military and was by Mulims. On the cultural side it was strongly religio-centric, as probably had been the Aryan invasion two thousand years before. It was unlike the Hellenistic, which never contended with the native Indian on religion or the social institutions sanctioned by religion, but readily adopted Buddhism. Islam was brought by Arabs from lower Mesopotamia to Sind at the beginning of the 18th century and established itself there firmly, never since to be dislodged. About three centuries later it entered the upper part of the Northwest from Afghanistan, brought by Afghans and Turks. The first great incursions came from Ghazni starting at about the beginning of the 11th century. These were raids rather than settlements. In the latter half of the 12th century a further series of conquests began, this time based on Ghor in Afghanistan. By 1161/1186 Islam had won Lahore in the Central Punjab; by 1193 it had swept across North India as far as Benares ; by 1199 it had invaded Bihar ; and in 1202 it took the western part of Bengal. Further Muslimconquests in succeeding centuries extended to almost every corner of India. The zenith of Muslim power and cultural magnificence was under the Mughal dynasty from the 15th to the early 18th century.

Though Muslim power and with it Islamic culture were carried throughout the sub-continent, its strength varied widely in different regions. In some places, notably South India, the Muslim element remained minor, occasionally negligible. In some others, such as the present Uttar Pradesh, the division of the population was more nearly equal. In still other places there was a heavy preponderance in favour of the Muslims. One of these last was the North-west, where Islam had entered. There not only was the rulership Muslim, the people too almost all bacame Muslim as well. Once again, the North-west had become marked off from the rest of the sub-continent, with a characteristic cultural differentiation.

Islamic civilization came into the sub-continent with the accumulated tradition of all Near Eastern cultures. It had behind it the cosmopolitanism that flourished under the Caliphate and united the western Muslim world starting with Persia and stretching across the Near East, Asia Minor, and North Africa until it reached Spain. It had all the art and

literature of Persia at its command. It was the inheritor and developer of Greek astronomy, mathematics, and medicine. It had its own legal institutions and produced some of India's greatest governmental administrators, such as the Mughal emperor Akbar. Noble and beautiful buildings adorned its cities. Intensely and uncompromisingly monotheistic it was, but within that limitation it fostered philosophy. In the sub-continent it promoted its own social democracy, which contrasted with the Hindu caste system; it developed new schools of thought, and produced an extensive and often scintillating literature. At a Muslim court was cultivated the celebrated Mughal school of painting. The Muslims cherished their own music, which has come to dominate much of northern and north-western India. From the meeting of cultures came some synthesis, as in costume and in the language Urdu, the lingua franca of the northern part of the sub-continent, which owes much of its vocabulary to Persian and Arabic, though all the syntax is indigenous.

Urdu beginning

Muslim power in India developed a characteristic type of civilization. Though the Hindu and Muslim cultures have had considerable effect upon each other, the process of blending, such as has been effected of Aryan with non-Aryan in northern India, is still relatively little advadced.

Periods during 2500 years of history when the Punjab, which is the most important section of the North-west, has been culturally assimilated to the rest of the sub-continent, or even to North India, are few if any at all. The centuries most likely to deserve the characterization seem to be the 6th to the 12th A. D. The centuries in which the Punjab and any substantial part of North India have been politically united are also few. They are as follows, perhaps a part of the fourth and third centuries B. C. under the great Mauryas; possibly a brief period under the Indo-Greek Buddhist king Menander in the 2nd century B. C.; and another brief period under the Kusanas in the 1st or 2nd century A. D. (depending upon dating) a formal association under the Muslim kingdom of Delhi from the last quarter of the 12th century, which however, frequently broke down in practice ; a real association under the great Mughals during the 16 and 17th centuries; finally, another century of close political association under the British, who after annexing Sind in 1834 took the Punjab in 1846.

Today Pakistan as a Muslim nation looks westward to the lands where Islam was born and became great. Western Pakistan especially illustrates the same phenomenon of association with Western regions which it has exhibited in the past. It feels itself culturally akin to those areas outside the sub-continent rather than to the areas east of it; though

these are geographically close to it and economically its natural partners. It is trying to supplement the spiritual connections with the West with transmontane political and economic intercourse.

This desire appears in Pakistan's foreign policy, of which a major feature is association with other Islamic nations. It has sided with the Arab nations on the question of Israel. It has aimed generally to cultivate pan-Islamic friendship.

As Pakistan's Foreign Minister, Zafrulla Khan, claimed of his country (August 18, 1951,) " It has served actively... in the cause of independence of Indonesia, Libya, Eritrea, and Somaliland." Yet none of these nations has many ties with Pakistan other than the cultural. But promotion of Muslim culture, the late Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan said in Washington in May, 1950, ranks among Pakistan's national aims second only to the integrity of the state itself. He also said (May, 4, 1950) :

"Culturally, we feel a natural affiliation with other Muslim countries and our relations with them are of the friendliest. We are keenly, interested in the progress and development of the Middle East countries and in the maintenance of their independence as they are in ours. When I talk of our friendship with the Middle East countries, I do not wish you to infer that I am talking in terms of any power block. I am merely talking of the natural and religious links the common culture and the identity of economic outlook that exist between the people of these countries and our people—links that will stand the strain of many a test and will, I am sure, prove a stabilizing factor in Asia."

After Liaquat's assassination his successor Khwaja Nazimuddin, said (October 21, 1951), "Islam is a body, and the Muslim state represent the links of this body. Pain inflicted on any one part of the body gives pain and anguish to the whole body."

It is then no surprise in our time to find Western Pakistan looking to the West rather than to the East. For that area the strongest ties of international life are the cultural. This is a current manifestation of an ancient tradition.

II

ARCHAEOLOGY

Mainamati Excavations—an Interpretation

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East Pakistan is a fascinating country with a unique charm of its own. The flatness of this vast riverine plain is relieved by the great ' Jheels ', swamps, dense tropical jungles, and by the three great river systems which with the network of their innumerable tributaries and branches have converted it into a land of refreshing greenness and sparkling blue waters. It is only along the eastern border in Chittagong district that forest clad low hills abruptly change the picture.

The annual rainfall is one of the highest in the world. The flora and fauna is also characterized by the same colour, variety and profusion. This exotic growth and variety is a cardinal fact essential to an understanding of the land and its people. It has left its work in every sphere of life and culture of this region.

Nature has divided East Pakistan into three parts which fairly well correspond to the major political divisions of ancient times. The Barind plateau on the north was a sub-division of the Pundravardhana-Bhukti; the great alluvial plain of the Ganges-Brahamaputra in the south bore the name of Bang or Vangano; while the eastern hilly region beyond the river Meghna formed the ancient land of Samatata. It is this last named division which is now once again making history after the discoveries on the hills of Mainamati near Comilla.

The exact limits of Samatata divisin cannot be ascertained but its connection with the modern districts of Tippera and Dacca has been established by the discovery of Ashrafpur copper plates. These plates record the names of three Khadga rulers, Khadgodyama, his son Jatakhadga and the latter's son Devakhadga; The plates also mention the names of Devakhadga's queen Prabhavati and son Rajaraja. The Khadgas, who were Buddhist, ruled for about seventy years from the middle of the 7th to the beginning of the 8th century A. D. The plates refer to Jayakarmanta-Vasaka as their seat. This place may perhaps be

identified with Badkamata, situated 12 miles west of Comilla. The country round Badkamata was a strong Buddhist centre, as from different localities a large number of stone images of the Buddha and Buddhist goddesses have been found. The discovery of an image of goddess Sarvvani bearing an inscription of Khadga queen Prabhavati from Deulvadi, a place 20 miles south of Comilla, further strengthens the view that the cultural and administrative centre of the Khadgas developed in this part of Samatata. Hiuen Tsang who came here in the 7th century of the Christian era, described Samatata as a low moist country on the sea shore. After the Khadgas, the Devas seem to have established their rule in Samatata round Mainamati hills, the scene of present excavations.

Social and Religious Life Depicted

Many pieces of teracotta sculpture have been found from Mainamati excavations. They offer a very interesting study. Besides giving a true picture of the social life of the people of East Bengal of those days they help to throw light on the history of the place and the religion practised in this region.

Made of such an ordinary material as the local clay, the artists have achieved almost marvel in sculptural art. The variety of subject matter depicted on these clay panels is overwhelming. It includes almost everything that can possibly depict a village mind. They also convey a clear idea about the dresses and ornaments and the mode of wearing them both by men and women. The musicians, dancers and warriors predominate the human figures with their characteristic animated and spirited pose. Among the semi-divine beings Kinnara occurs frequently. It has a womanish head and bust, a bird's wings and an animal's hindquarters.

Among animals, lions, elephants, wild boars and horses are popular. The lions are majestic and royal, but the elephants and wild boars are more successful with naturalistic features and seem to have received most sympathetic treatment from the artist. Among the birds rajhans (swans) is predominant. The fighting scene between the natural enemies—a large hooded cobra and a comparatively smaller mongoose is most remarkable. The lotus flower is very popular.

There has not been much change in the climate, land-scape, fauna and flora of the country since the great Chinese pilgrim Hiuen Tsang left it in the 7th century A. D. It is interesting to note that even in the broad culture of the people, particularly in the folk art and crafts, the same traditions have persisted with very little change upto this day, the religious and political shifts notwithstanding. A visit to the village near Salban Vihara amply

demonstrates that even now the same social conditions prevail as those during the 7th-8th centuries A. D. It is surprising that the same tradition of potmaking is followed in form and decoration. Even in religion the change cannot be regarded as very great. Only a few miles off from Salban Vihara a modern Buddhist Vihara exists, though on a reduced scale.

Present Excavations and Their Importance

The south-east Bengal in ancient times seems to have developed to a large extent in isolation. Our knowledge of the early history and archaeology of this part is extremely meagre. Indeed our archaeological record is a blank before the coming of the Muslims. Local conditions, so different from other parts, made investigations difficult; thick jungles and shifting of river beds sometimes changed the physiognomy of large areas. Hence the importance of the present excavations which are likely to help in the reconstruction of a large part of the early history of East Pakistan.

The excavations conducted in January 1955, ta Salban Vihara on Mainamati hills were the first of their kind to be undertaken in East Pakistan since independence. They lasted for a brief period of two months and the success which attended them was greater than what was anticipated. During the second season, excavation work continued upto the end of March 1956 at Salban Vihara and started on two new sites, namely, Kotila Mura and Char Patra Mura. The third phase of excavations was resumed in January 1957, at Salban Vihara and Kotila Mura sites.

Salban Vihara :—At Salban Vihara, excavations have revealed four periods in the history of the Central Shrine. The early period shrine is a monument of stupendous proportions. It was built by the Deva ruler, Sri Bhava Deva, whose copper plate issued from his capital Devaparvata, a terracotta sealing inscribed with his name; and a large number of silver coins bearing ' Patikera ' legend, have been discovered from the early period cells of the monastery. The Devas were Buddhists and under them the masses of the country-side seem to have embraced a Buddhism of complex character mixed up with the Hindu elements as is evidenced by the discovery of terracotta sculpture depicting such human and animal figures which were never portrayed by the early Buddhist.

Here the Central Shrine is planned in the shape of a Greek cross, its projecting arms containing side chapels. In spite of being considerably damaged, it is clear that the shrine presents a complete and finished example in the art of building. Ringed by an embellished plinth with recessed corners, it appears to have been of more than one storey. The question

arises from whence this unusual plan of a Buddhist shrine emanated, thus enabling this fully developed edifice to emerge in the 7th century A. D. in north and south east Bengal. As a number of other sites with a similar ground plan lie buried in the neighbourhood of this shrine, it is reasonable to assume that this type of architecture indicates an original conception, signifying the development of an indigenous style of religious architecture evolved by the synthesis of Hindu and Buddhist elements during the 7th century A. D. It will be seen that the cruciform type of shrines as at Paharpur and Salban Vihara in no way resemble the traditional Buddhist stupas of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. Outside East Pakistan, close parallels to this style of architecture bearing a cruciform shape and relief decoration are found in central Java at Kalasan (778 A. D.) and in Burma at the Ananda temple built in 1090 A. D. As both these examples are of a later date, it seems probable that at some stage during the 7th century A. D., an art movement from Bengal bearing this style of architecture spread to Burma and south-east Asia with the spread of Buddhism.

The approach to the Central Shrine at Salban Vihara from the northern side leading to a stepped terrace and ambulatory passage 7 ft. wide was carried round the entire edifice communicating with the four cells in each arm of the cross facing towards the cardinal points. Each of these cells contained a large bronze image of the Buddha. The exterior surface of western projection of the basement wall is enriched with two courses of ornamental bricks and a string of burnt clay sculpture illustrating in bas-relief the mythology and folklore of the country.

In the second period there is a clear change from the early period cruciform plan to an oblong design with a pillared hall in the centre and the worship chamber at the back on south side. In the third period this oblong plan was kept but the size of the building was reduced. The fourth or the last period remains of the shrine were too scanty to give a clear idea of the layout at that stage.

The Salban Monastery is enclosed by an extensive range of monastic cells numbering 115, sufficient to accommodate a large establishment of monks and students. That such a grand and unique monument, a land mark in the religious and architectural history of south east Bengal should have been effaced is surprising, but it is a matter of satisfaction that the present excavations have rescued what remains of it still now.

All the cells have been excavated. Deep digging in some of them have confirmed four periods in the history of the monastery as well. During the first two periods, which are characterized by the frequency of pottery and fire places containing ashes and charcoal

in different cells, there was no adjustments like the addition of alcoves in the back wall of the cells, but brick platforms in some chambers and staircases in the corner rooms were done The fourth or the last period remains of the monastery are found only in the western half of the north side of the Vihara.

Kotila Maru:—Kotila Mura, occupying a prominent portion of the ridge, is situated about three miles to the north of Salban Vihara. Here, the three principal excavated stupas perhaps they represent three jewels of Buddhism, namely, the Buddha, the Law (Dharma) and the Order (Sangha). They form a unique group of monuments in the Indo- Pakistan sub-continent.

In their ground plan these remains are different from those unearthed at Salban Vihara. Here, the plan of the middle stupa is in the form of a Dharmachakra or " Wheel of the Law " with the hub represented by a deep shaft, and with the eight cells formed by the spokes of brick walls. Inside these cells were enshrined many pieces of grey coloured sculpture in soft stone portraying in high relief figures of the Buddha and Bodisattva seated on lotus thrones and hundreds of miniature stupas in unbaked clay.

The plinths of these shrines show deeply sunk panels of dressed brick. On their eastern side stand oblong halls surrounded by circumambulatory passages and staircases which led the pilgrims to the inner area of the shrines. A massive boundary wall containing recessed panels of simple and pleasant design encloses the remains. This plan suggests that such a type of Buddhist shrine, which originally developed during the early centuries of Christian era, persisted in Bengal upto the 7th-8th centuries A. D.

Char Patra Mura:—Char Patra Mura site is about a mile and a half to the north-west of Kotila Mura. Here, the excavations have laid bare the remains of a rectangular shrine 105 feet in length from east to west and 55 feet in width from north to south. The approach to the building was from the east by principal gateway. It was connected with a spacious hall on the west by a brick paved path. Four massive brick pillars supported the roof of this hall and a covered entrance led to the inside of the chapel on the west. Four copper plates and a bronze relic casket were discovered in the entrance passage of this shrine.

Historical Information

The excavations undertaken on Mainamati sites have yielded a rich harvest of valuable antiquities. These include six copper plates, two from Salban Vihara and four from Char Patra Mura; two hoards of silver coins ; one hoard containing three gold coins

and six gold earings; two relic caskets; bronze votive images of the Buddha, Bodisattva, and goddesses Tara and Sarvvanim; stone sculpture; terracotta sealings; clay votive stupas; terracotta plaques and carved bricks; pottery and miscellaneous objects of daily use.

The two copper plates discovered from Salban Vihara have furnished historical information of great value. One of the plates contains two royal grants and genealogy of Buddhist rulers of Deva dynasty which is not known to history. The seal on the plate contains below the Dharmachakra symbol and the royal title of the Devas. It reads ' Sri Bhangala Mrigankasya'. The first grant refers to the names of three rulers, namely Sri Santi Deva, his son Sri Vira Deva and his son Sri Ananda Deva. On the reverse occurs the date, 13th day of the month Bhadra of the 12th regional year of Sri Bhava Deva son of Sri Ananda Deva. All the kings mentioned in these copper plates bear imperial titles such as Maharajadhiraj. The Devas seem to have come to power after the Khadgas as the style of writing on the copper plates and the characters of legends on the silver coins of bull and triratna type bear close resemblance to the script of the later Gupta period.

Three of the four copper plates discovered at Char Patra Mura belong to the Chandras of Bengal who ruled during the period between 900 and 1100 A. D. The fourth plate was issued by Hindu ruler named Sri Viradhara Deva in the 12th-13th centuries A. D.

Two Chandra plates mention the name of Sri Ladaha Chandra Deva. The verse portion of these traces the genealogy of the dynasty from Sri Trilokya Chandra father of Sri Chandra ; the prose portion gives the names of Sri Kalyana Chandra ; and Sri Ledaha Chandra. The plates were issued from their capital Vikramapura near Dacca. The land grant made is in Samatata. The donor in these plates is Madhava Bhattaraka.

The third plate was issued by Sri Govinda Chandra Deva. The verse portion traces the genealogy in this order : Sri Chandra, Sri Kalyana Chandra, Sri Ladaha Chandra and Sri Govinda Chandra. The grant of land is made to Nattesvera Bhattaraka in Samatata Vikramapura. It is for the first time that we know from these plates of the complete genealogy of the Chandra kings and that their capital from the time of Sri Chandra upto Sri Govinda Chandra was at Vikramapura.

Copper Plate of Sri Viradhara Deva

The fourth copper plate discovered at Char Patra Mura is of a later period. It mentions the name of a Hindu ruler or local chief. The plate depicts on both sides of the seal the wheel of Vishnu, and at the end of the text is engraved the figure of a running dog.

The plate issued by Sri Viradhara Deva on the day of Kartika in the 15th year (regional), contains the grant of 17 padas of land. On palaegraphical considerations this could be plate assigned to the 12th-13th centuries A.D.

Coins

From the early levels of Salban Vihara come three hoards of coins. One hoard contains 3 gold coins and 6 gold earings. One of these coins belongs to Chandragupta II (380-414 A.D.): the second coin inscribed with the legend 'Bengala Mriganka' seems to have been issued by one of the Dava kings; the third gold coin is an imitation of Gupta coins. The two other hoards contain 225 silver coins in three denominations. Majority of these coins are inscribed with the legend 'Patikera', but a numer of them bear 'Lalitakra' and Dharma Vijaya inscriptions. On their reverse are depicted 'triratna', sun and moon symbols. The discovery of these coins is of great significance as they are the first currency finds of ancient Bengal. Their discovery strengthens our view that they were issued by independent rulers of Bengal, most probably the Devas, and not imported from Arakan, as was generally assumed hitherto.

Besides Patikera coins there are two other interesting coins, one of silver and other of gold inscribed with Kufic characters. These two coins belong to the Abbaside rulers of Beghdad. Their discovery on Mainamati hill sites is a clear indication of the trade relations existing during the 8th-13th centuries A.D., between Bengal and the Arab World.

The silver coin discovered from the early levels at Salban Vihara belongs to the early part of the Abbaside rule. The gold coin discovered from the upper levels at Kotila Mura belongs to the last Abbaside caliph Abu Ahmad Abdullah al Mustassim Billah (1242-1258 A.D.).

Bronze Sculpture

About a dozen of bronze miniature images of the Buddha, Bodisattva, goddesses Tara and Sarvvani are other remarkable finds. They are characterized by a great fineness and precision of execution. They give the impression of being imitations of stone work and reveal a development reflecting changes in the character of Buddihism from Mahayana type to Tantric form during the 7th-8th centuries A.D.

The statues of the Buddha show gracefulness and the divine expression of the face. In some examples the Buddha's right hand indicates the Bhumisparsa-mudra or earth-touching gesture and the left is placed on the lap. In one image he is seated in Dhyani-mudra or pose of meditation. The profusely jewelled statue, of Bodisattva Padmapani

is a very fine miniature seated on a lotus throne. His legs are crossed and in his left hand he holds a lotus with a long stalk. In another votive image Bodisattva is shown with the right leg dangling from the seat and resting against a lotus throne and the left folded.

The two bronze images of goddesses Tara and Sarvvani belong to the same class of superior art and workmanship as those of the Buddha and Bodisattva. Tara sits gracefully with the right leg pendant and the left folded. Her right hand is in the boon bestowing pose and the left holds a lotus. She is profusely bedecked with jewellery. The image of Sarvvani 7 inches in height is shown standing on a lion.

Stone Sculpture

Pieces of grey coloured sculpture carved in soft stone come from Kotila Mura. The central figure of this sculpture is either that of the Buddha or Bodisattva seated on a lotus throne. They are inscribed with the Buddhist creed ; the script is not later than the 5th-6th century A.D. The side figures are also placed separately on lotus seats. This sculpture forms the most interesting part of the discoveries ever made in Bengal as they differ from all the known schools of sculpture of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent.

Sealings and Votive Stupas

From Salban Vihara comes a burnt clay sealing of great importance. Its upper part depicts the royal emblem of the Deva kings representing a Dharmachakra flanked by two seated deer symoblizing the delivering of the first sermon by the Buddha in the deer park at Sarnath. The three lined inscription below refers to the name of Sri Bhava Deva who built the great Salban Monastery. At Kotila Mura a number of circular burnt clay sealings inscribed with the Buddhist inscrptions have been found. Several hundreds of unbaked clay votive stupas encasing bone relics and tiny clay sealings inscribed with a Buddhist formula have been unearthed at Kotila Mura. It appears that each of these stupas was consecrated by the devotees and the offering of such a stupa must have been considered an act of religious merit.

Pottery

A large collection of pottery has been recovered from these excavations. The most characteristic type is the medium sized shallow round based cooking pot. The peculiar feature about this type is its applied decoration at the bottom. The designs consist mainly of grids, criss-cross and herring bone patterns with the lotus in predominant position. Other types include water pitchers, storage jars, spouted vessels, dishes, bowls and oil lamps. Tiny pots form an interesting group and were probably used in rituals and ceremonials.

Miscellaneous Objects

Besides the above mentioned relics, a number of minor objects of every day use, such as iron knife blades, iron nails, digging tools, stone knives of fossil wood, fishhooks, grinding stones, beads in stone, gold finger rings, glass bangles, and silver and bronze rings, have been found. A number of circular pieces of silver ingots recovered from the cells must have been presented to the monks by devoted lay worshippers.

The ensemble of evidence from the relics discovered from these excavations lends support to the view that the Buddhist monuments on Mainamati hills were established at some stage during the 7th-8th centuries A.D. and the Devas who built the Salban Vihara flourished contemporaneously with the great Palas of North Bengal after the break up of the Gupta Empire.

Excavations at Kot Diji

Discovery of Pre-Moenjo Daro Culture

DR. F. A. KHAN, M.A.Ph.D.

Background

The original picture of pre-Aryan inhabitants of the Indus Valley we have from ancient sources is that of godless, lawless, and noseless 'rakshas' of hostile speech. But after 1920, when the archaeological excavations were started at the Indus Valley sites of Harappa and Moenjo Daro, it became evident that a civilization possessing a high standard of art and craftmanship and a well-developed system of writing had existed for a considerable period before the arrival of the Indo-Aryans. Unlike the Indo-Aryan invaders who still remain archaeologically unidentifiable, and whose date of arrival in the north-west of the sub-continent is as yet unknown, the excavations at Harappa and Moenjo Daro revealed a mass of archaeological material and furnished considerable information about the material civilization of these early inhabitants. This civilization — unique and mature in many respects — was contemporary in part with the Mesopotamian civilization of 2,300 B.C. The early stages of this civilization however could not be unravelled as digging was not possible in the water-logged lower levels at Moenjo Daro. Whatever its origin, these excavations did establish that it had already flourished for a considerably long period in the Indus Valley.

Early Moenjo Daro Culture Unravelled

Recently, excavations at Kot Diji revealed for the first time the early Moenjo Daro culture pottery and other objects. This pottery which is of great significance provides a very interesting study. It seems that the Moenjo Daro culture at this stage, as shown by some of the painted pottery specimens, represents the early phases of that remarkable

civilization, when though the normal Harappa-Moenjo Daro forms of pottery were developed, decoration in black-on-red remained still uncommon. No complex designs such as the 'intersecting' circles or 'pipal' leaf motif of the typical matured Harappa-Moenjo Daro phases are found in these levels. In fact, the only recognizable painted designs of early phases include the representation of antelopes with hatched bodies; a crudely painted peacock and the stylized 'fish-scale' pattern. The typical deep red glossy slip had not yet properly developed; it is fugitive and is easily washed off. This pottery clearly demonstrates that it must have been linked with the earliest phases of the Harappa-Moenjo Daro civilization. This early period ceramic could not be recovered from the water-logged lower levels at Moenjo Daro and other sites of the Harappa culture. Fortunately at Kot Diji that problem does not exist as excavations have clearly shown that the early Moenjo Daro settlement was built over the remains of the Kot Dijians, the original settlers of the site on bed-rock. These early phases may antedate the well-developed Harappan — Moenjo Daro phases, dated 2300 B.C., by as much as two hundred years and thereby date the beginning of that culture to about 2500 B.C.

Location and Excavations

Kot Diji site is situated 15 miles south of Khairpur town and north of Diji Fort on the highway to Hyderabad. The main axis of the site runs east to west and measures some 600 feet in length; the width is more than 400 feet and the height from the surrounding field level about 40 feet.

The site had been subjected to heavy depredation and both earth and stones had been removed for use elsewhere.

Excavation work at Kot Diji was first started in November 1955. It lasted for a brief period of one month, but the results were very encouraging. Not only the life and culture of a small outlaying station of the Moenjo Daro civilization situated in the heart of a vast agricultural plain was revealed to some extent, but a new cultural element was also observed in the lower levels. The first excavation being restricted could not throw sufficient light on the relation of this new element with the Harappa-Moenjo Daro civilization and work had, therefore, to be resumed last year from the middle of October.

Citadel

The Kot Diji site consists of two parts: one comprising the citadel area measures some 500 feet by 350 feet with a height of 40 feet; the other, the outer part of the city which must have been inhabited by the artisan classes, extended far beyond. In the upper

levels of the citadel properly oriented spacious rooms with stone foundations and mud-brick superstructures have been uncovered. The roofs, which were probably flat and were covered with mud plastered reed mats have all perished. Mud-brick paved floors with pottery, pots and pans, large storage jars and innumerable antiquities such as children's toy carts, balls and marbles; bangles and beads in baked clay and stone; baked pottery figurines of mother goddess and animals; bronze arrow-heads and well-fashioned stone implements have been found. The discovery of large size community ovens in some of the houses indicates a regularized life and division of labour. In the lower levels were found massive walls of sun-dried bricks. In certain cases the width of walls is more than 5 feet.

Defensive Wall

The most impressive structural feature of Kot Diji site is the pre-Moenjo Daro defensive wall of the citadel. It is of considerable height and width. It was raised on bed-rock and built below with undressed stone blocks and above with mud-bricks. Clearance has revealed on the northern and eastern sides the regular courses of large stone blocks properly set with mud-mortar. That its inner stone face was not plastered with mud was observed when digging down in the northeast sector from top to bottom on the inside. Internally it slanted at an angle of 8½ degrees and was re-enforced in the northeast corner with 2½ foot wide stone revertment bonded with foundation courses. Externally, it was strengthened with bastions at regular intervals. One such bastion with complex arrangements has been revealed in the northeast corner; its length is 32 feet and width 20 feet. The outer face of the fortification wall was revetted with mud-bricks. On the eastern side the wall takes an inward turn and joins with a massive stone structure which must have been a screen wall.

At its base the fortification wall had considerable thickness. Its height including the mud-brick superstructure, as far as preserved, varies from 12 to 14 feet—the stone substructure is 10 feet in height and the mud-brick part above it is about 2 feet in height.

On the northern side the wall has been cleared to a length of 108 feet and is found standing to a height of 5½ feet. Its western and southern wings have suffered considerable damage owing to depredations, but evidence of what appear to be bastions is available in the southeast and southwest corners.

The occupation levels revealed from top to bottom indicate that the inner

habitation areas were very near to citadel wall; it served as the back part of most of the houses. In the last stage of its history the fortification wall fell into disuse and the Kot Dijians used its top for occupation purposes.

The citadel associated with the Kot Dijian pottery represents the earliest fortified town in the sub-continent. It must have been built by a well-organized community, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the heavy labour which the construction of this massive defensive wall must have involved.

Pottery

The Kot Dijians manufactured a pottery of pleasing design and shape which is of considerable interest. It is wheel-made; its clay is well-levigated, its paste and ground varies from pinkish to red colour. The decoration consists of mainly of wide bands at the neck of vessels in red, brown and sepia; other decorative elements include 'fish-scale' pattern, loops and wavy lines in black and a complex design in black and white portraying a horned deity. It is one of the most rare and well-developed designs of the Kot Dijian pottery, distinct and unique in every respect. This design is hitherto unknown on the potteries of the ancient cultures of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. The principal pottery forms include dish-on-stands, open-mouthed globular jars with short rim and flat base; straight walled and wide mouthed cylindrical vessels. Associated with these forms are the flat-based plates of thin grey fabric. The miniature pottery forms included handled cups, beakers and vases.

Comparison Between Kot Diji and Harappa-Moenjo Daro Pottery

Except for a few forms and simple decorative motifs, there is hardly any important form or pattern common to the pottery of both Moenjo Daro and Kot Diji cultures. The strongest point of contrast is the technical difference. The Kot Dijian ware is very light and thin, the Moenjo Daro black-on-red is thick and heavy. In fact, the contrast in texture, form and decoration between the normal Moenjo Daro pottery and the Kot Dijian ware is so well-marked as to indicate a basic difference of ceramic industry. Its affinities appear to exist to some extent in the pre-Harappan levels below the defences at Harappa and in early levels at Amri. The ceramic ware of the Kot Dijians though different in texture, form and decoration from the Moenjo Daro culture pottery is not crude, but quite mature and well-developed in its own style. In addition to wide bands in different shades, other decorative elements include simple thin horizontal lines combined with single or multiple loops and wavy lines.

Kot Dijians: Forerunners of Moenjo Daro People

Further studies are being made before any definite conclusion can be recached about the borrowing or retention of some of the pottery forms and the decorative elements of this fascinating ceramic industry of the Kot Dijians by the people of Moenjo Daro.

But indications are strong that the authors of the new type of pottery, were the forerunners of the Moenjo Daro people in many respects. Though different in form and technique, their ceramic products are in no way less artistic than the highly sophisticated black-on-red pottery of Harappa-Moenjo Daro people.

The discovery of a new type of pottery with a unique decoration together with an individual colour scheme and an unusual form strengthens our view that it belonged to a culture alien to and earlier than the Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture; its pottery being distinct from that of the latter both in finish and decoration. Its parallels, except at Harappa below defences, at other sites in the Indus Valley and Baluchistan are yet to be found; it seems to have appeared on the scene in a developed style.

The inhabitants who owned this weel-finished ceramic used very fine stone implements, lived in dewllings of sun-dried bricks built on stone foundations: their womenfolk bedecked themselves with beads and bangles in shell and terractta and their childern possessed toys like stone and baked clay balls and marbles, miniature clay pots and cowrie shells. There is no conclusive proof as to the region where from the Kot Dijians arrived in the Indus Valley. This much is certain that their ceramic product was well-distributed as some of its forms with straight or everted rim and with the characteristic bands at the neck were found at Harappa in 1946.

Other Finds: Stone Implements, Arrow-heads etc.

Stone implements found in abundance show great merit. Majority of them are cores or flakes from which blades, scrapers, spear-heads and sickle like blades had been chipped. Most of them show signs of use on their edges. The well-finished leaf-shaped stone arrow-heads are worth mention. Only three arrow-heads are known to have been found previously from Baluchistan and Sind, but no such specimens have been discovered outside the Indus Valley in the sub-continent.

A baked clay figurine of a bull with well-developed body, stout muzzle and short pointed horns is of great interest. In style it is unlike the bull figurines discovered from the Indus Valley and Baluchistan sites. It bears resemblance to the representation of a bull depicted on Susa scarlet pottery in south-west Iran dated 2800-2700 B. C. The Kot

Diji specimen seems to be the earliest perfect example of plastic art.

A very interesting aspect of the discoveries made at Kot Diji is the large number of plain and painted bangles; other minor objects include beads, balls, marbles and pottery discs used in games. The bangles were in pottery and shell, the beads with incised decoration are in baked clay. Marbles were played by childern, but some of the well-finished specimens seem too good to have been used by childern. Terracotta model cakes are also there. A number of carrot shaped pottery cones are difficult to explain; they are said to be spindles. In Mesopotamia, they were used for decorating the walls.

Fire and Floods

In the upper levels of the citadel, a thick deposit of charred material spreads over the entire excavated area. It may reasonably be assumed that this burnt layer did not represent an accidental fire but a violent conflagration which engulfed and destroyed the settlement of the Kot Dijians and paved the way for the people of Harappa-MoenjoDaro culture.

In the lower levels of the outer city traces of burnt material and ashy layers are also noticeable over a large area more or less uniformly. It has been observed that the pottery of Kot Dijians appears predominantly below this burnt layer and above it is early Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture material. This break in cultural continuity both in the citadel and the outer city together with intensive burning, makes it reasonable to assume that the settlement underwent a great disturbance and probably total destruction at the hands of Harappans.

On the southern side of the lower city a thick deposit of clean sand is observed in lower levels. It appears probable, as indicated by the tendency of the bed-rock as well as the present physiognomy of the area that in ancient times a stream flowing this side of the site and the hill underneath the Diji Fort could have caused occasional floods, as a result of which a thick sandy layer was deposited over early period occupations. At this level, in one of the trenches huge limestone blocks have been unearthed which were evidently piled up there to check the rush of flood waters.

Moenjo Daro and Kot Diji Chronology

Several finds from Moenjo Daro are assignable to more or less definite dates before and after 2350 B. C., because of their similarity to find on other sites in Western Asia ; while excavations in Mesopotamia yielded seals and other typical Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture prodncts in strata dated to 2350 B.C., the time of Sargon of Agade. Certain

objects are especially noteworthy: cylinder seals of Mesopotamia type but showing the animals peculiar to the Indus region, namely elephant, rhinoceros and crocodile; seals depicting horned deities, also comparable with deities known from Mesopotamia ; knobbed ware, a typical Harappa-Moenjo Daro product found also at Tell Asmar; a fragment of a vessel of light green steatite with a mat pattern, a type found in Mesopotamia and elsewhere on sites of the third millennium B.C., and later in Egypt; etched beads of carnelian; segmented paste beads ; disc beads with tubular hole as discovered in Mesopotamia; rings of shell inlay and stone incised ware as found in Makran and Mesopotamia.

These parallels do not necessarily indicate anything more than a trade connection. They are important because they give dating evidence and suggest that the Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture was flourishing before 2350 B.C., and onwards. The initial date is based on the Mesopotamian parallels of the Early Dynastic III period, c. 2400 B.C.

If the link between the Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture and the Sumerian civilization are simply due to trade and do not point to a common origin, then the discovery of the Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture is even more significant because it reveals a high degree of civilization which developed to perfection in the Indus Valley, and was not merely borrowed from outside.

It seems probable that the Harappa-Moenjo Daro people did come into the Indus Valley with a fairly well-developed culture from somewhere, as no traces of origin of that culture have been revealed by excavations at any of the sites of the Indus Valley, especially sites like Harappa and Kot Diji, where water-logging problem does not exist and where early Harappa-Moenjo Daro pottery has been found in certain levels in a well-defined stratified layer above a distinct ceramic product.

The plain and painted Harappa-Moenjo Daro pottery unearthed from layers above Kot Dijian pottery levels clearly indicates the early stages of the former ware, when decoration still remained crude and restricted and the red slip was fugitive and not fast and bright as in the matured phases. These early stages may antedate the well-developed Harappa-Moenjo Daro phases of upper levels at Kot Diji site by as much as two hundred years and thereby date the beginning of Harappa-Moenjo Daro culture to c. 2500 B.C.

Another 700 Years Added to History

Although now we know that at Kot Diji before the arrival of Harappa-Moenjo Daro people there flourished a well-settled community of highly efficient people for a con-

siderable length of time whose ruling classes lived in a fortified citadel in houses of sun-dried bricks ; who manufactured tools and implements of stone ; who were highly skilled in the art of pottery making, there is no knowledge of their racial and linguistic affinities.

Their highly developed pottery seems to belong to the same group of ceramic product to which perhaps belonged the Amri ware and the pottery specimens discovered below the defences at Harappa. A case can be made for seeing in some of the pre-Harappan and Amri forms a probable likeness of Kot Dijian pottery, and if that be admitted then the well-shaped, carefully finished Kot Dijian ceramic need not be later than the early Harappa-Moenjo Daro pottery discovered at Kot Diji and assigned to the middle of the third millennium c. 2500 B. C. This of course, would make the Kot Diji ' ensemble' considerably early in time, round about 3000 B. C.—by no means an improbable conclusion. In other words our knowledge of the ancient history of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent goes back by another seven hundred years, that is from 2300 to 3000 B. C. But it must be remembered that this is a provisional dating and it has to be confirmed by further investigation.

However, this much can be said that the 11 superimposed occupation levels of Kot Diji might represent 500 to 600 years just as 10 occupation levels at Moenjo Daro and Harappa are taken to represent five to eight centuries.



1. Remains of various occupation levels up to the top of the Citadel excavated at Kot Diji (C. 3000 B.C.)



2. Kot Diji Pottery.

3. Bronze relic casket from Mainamati (C. 7-8th centuries A. D.) in East Pakistan.

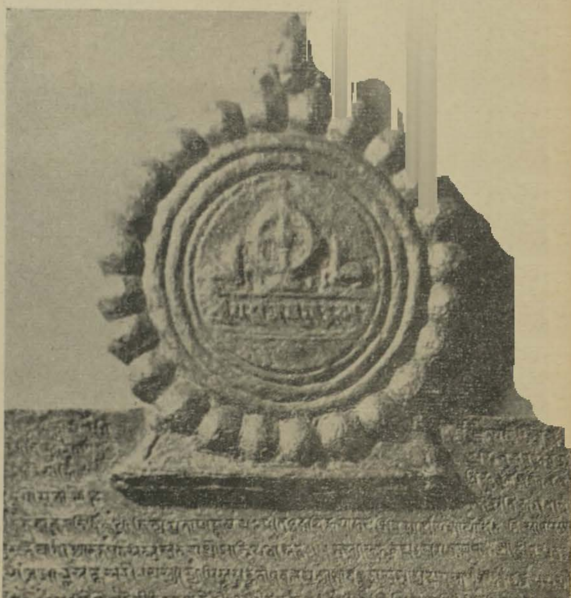
4. Copper plate with the Royal Seal from Mainamati.

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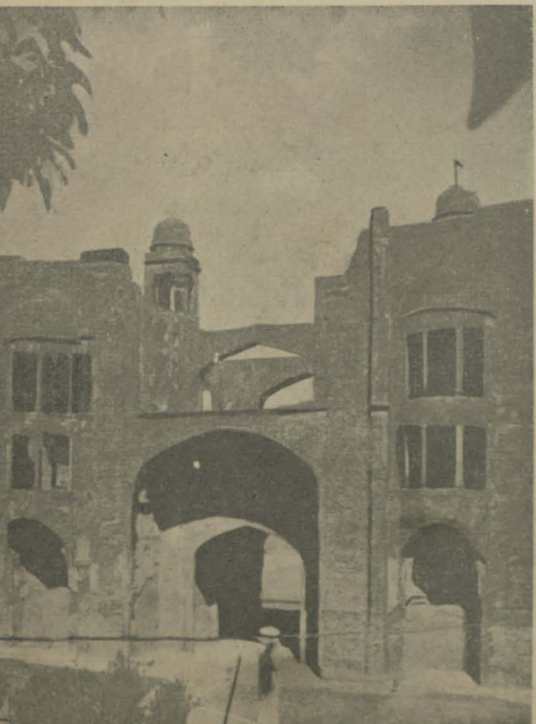
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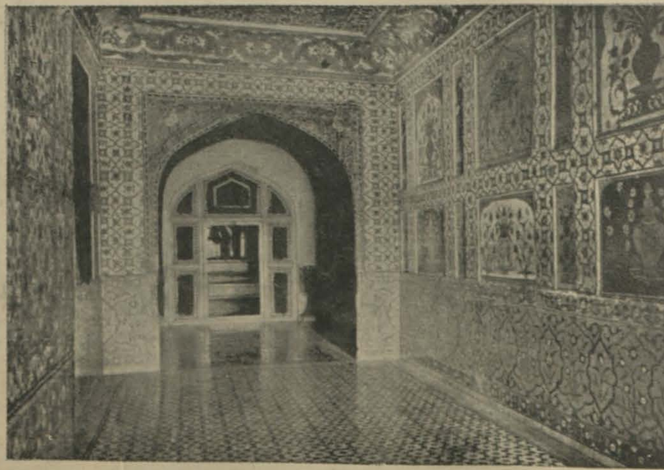
1. Tomb of Diwan Shurfa Khan at Thatta (1638 A. D.)

2. Sat-Gumbad Mosque Dacca.

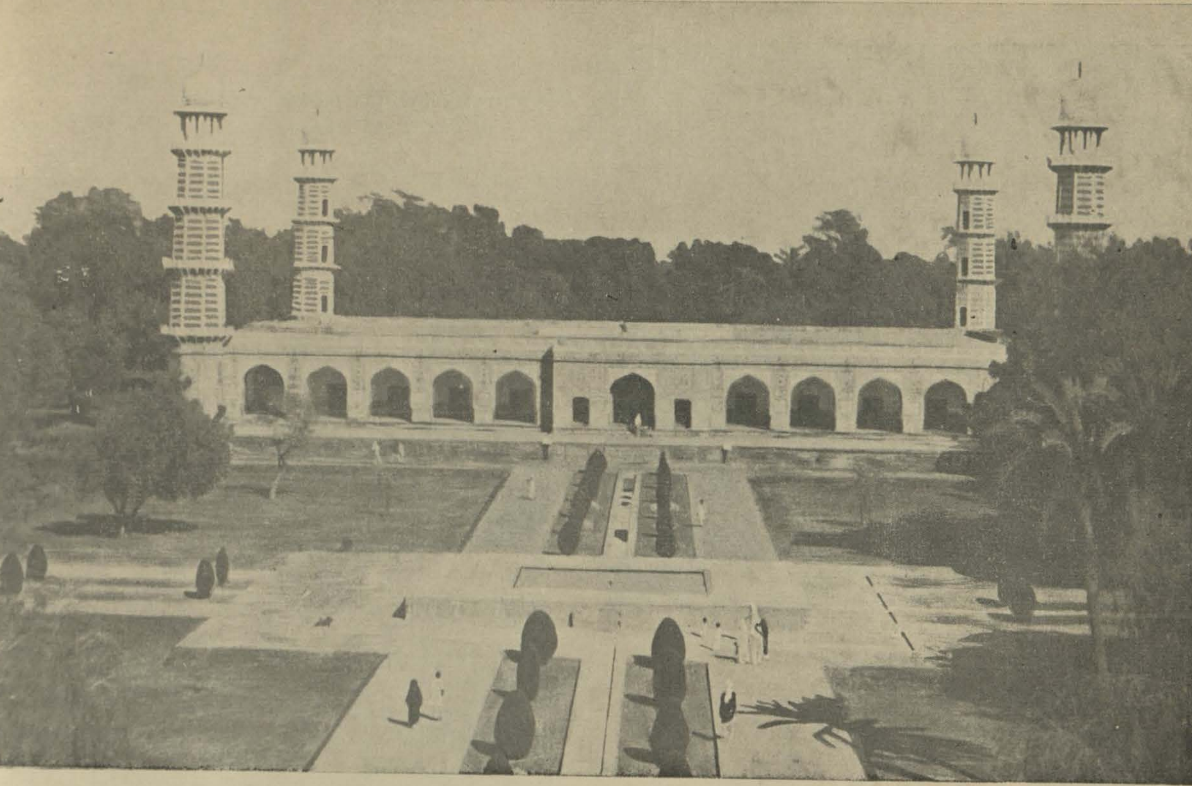
3. Lalbagh Fort, Dacca.

4. Decorative walls inside Jehangir's Tomb, Lahare.





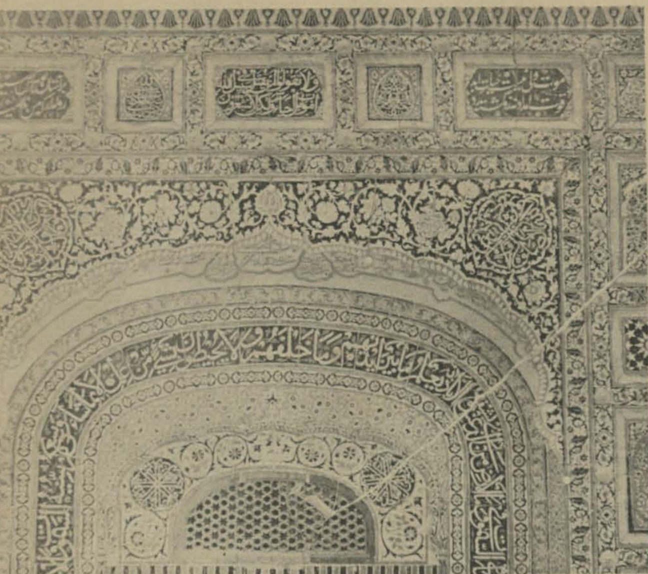
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Emperor Jehangir's Tomb at Lahore, built by Shah Jahan (C. 1637 A. D.)

Shalimar Gardens at Lahore, built by Shah Jahan (C. 1642 A. D.)

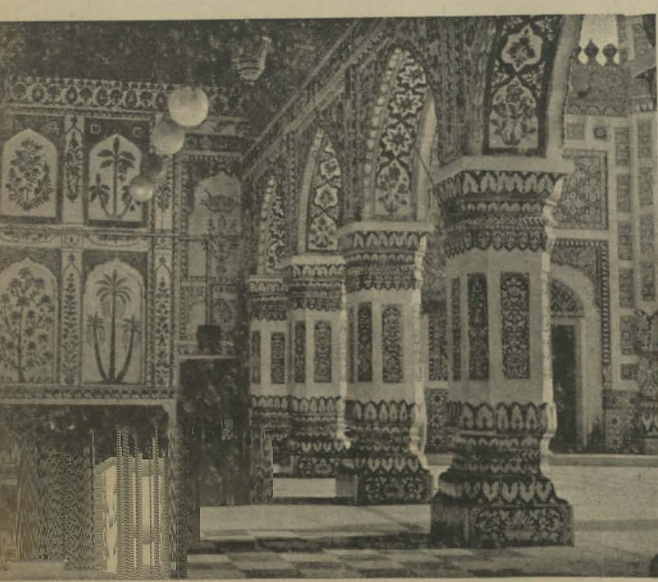




Decorative tilery on the facade of Shah Latif's tomb.



View of the annual gathering at Shah Latif's tomb at Bhit (West Pakistan).



Sectional view of the arched verendah in the courtyard of the Tomb.

III

ARCHITECTURE

Muslim Architecture in Pakistan

A. B. RAJPUT

It is said that the architecture of a nation is great only when it is as universal and established as its language, and when provincial differences are nothing more than so many dialects. Muslim architecture as such had an humble beginning, rising out of the deserts of Arabia along with the forces of Islam, but gradually assuming a distinct, universal character with the progress of the Muslim faith.

In the 7th century, the Arabs conquered the lands around the Mediterranean, the plains of Syria, Egypt, Iran, North Africa and Spain where local builders joined hands with the Arabs and with their rich local traditions of architectural and decorative styles found a practical and aesthetic solution of their requirements. The essential requirements of Islamic architecture were to provide a place of prayer, generally a prayer hall with a niche to indicate the direction of Mecca, a pavilion for gatherings and a tomb for the honoured dead.

To understand the characteristics of Muslim architecture in Pakistan, therefore, it is essential to know the universal characteristics of Islamic architecture—a product of the desert and the plateau, with simple layout, broad and bare horizons and rigid outlines, interrupted only by a sudden mountain-like bulbous dome or a palm-like straight minaret. The structural system is characteristic for its surface decorations which constitute its most impressive elements—the dome, the arch and the minaret with tilery or geometrical framework, and establish a general unity for its various local forms. In the early 8th century this desert growth was introduced into Pakistan and India—a completely alien world in geography and climate—a land of trackless forests, and with opposite characteristics almost in everything. The broad and bare horizons came close here with surprisingly dark atmosphere, enveloping the fretted surface of the Hindu temples with intricate and

sinister beauty of its sculpture. That was the world of the Hindu gods lurking in the pale, flickering light of oil-lamps in the little cells in some secret corners of their complicated and mysteriously decorated temples—the allusive jungle of close horizons. And it was the same swarming, intricate and complicated character of the architecture prevalent in this part of the world when the forces of Islam came here to transplant their comparatively simple, open and sunny style. Nothing could stand in greater contrast to these two structural ideals.

Hardly any architectural remains of the Arab period have existed in Pakistan today, yet the fragmentary mosques of Mansurah in Sind, the tombs of the saints at Multan in the Punjab and one or two unimportant early tombs on the Makli Hill near Thatta in Sind, amply prove how local builders had transplanted the Muslim style by replacing the pronounced features of Hindu architecture—spire-like dome, pyramidal roof, elaborate carvings and human figures—by the grace and beauty of simple but characteristic arch, the bulbous dome and the minaret. In this pre-Mughal group of buildings, the earliest use of the Persian structural form in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent is met with in the tomb of the saint Rukn-i-Alam at Multan, built between A.D. 1320 and 1324. It is octagonal in plan, with a sloping minaret attached to each angle and a low dome culminating a three-stage sloping structure. The extensive use of blue, azure and white tiles decorate this sturdy structure described as "one of the most splendid memorials ever erected in honour of the dead."

The architecture of Sind has its own character partly on account of its proximity to Iran both by land and sea and partly for its geographical seclusion from the rest of the sub-continent being cut off by a vast stretch of the Rajputana desert. The Sindhi structures have typical Persian design of arches, flat domes and brick masonry outlined in white imitation mortar. On some buildings the arch is carved in low relief, imitating the local Hindu style. An exquisite example of this may be found in the mausoleum of Mirza Isa Khan at Thatta, built between 1640 and 1644 A.D. It covers an area of 4,900 square feet, and is constructed throughout of sand-stone brought over from Kathiawar. The walls are richly decorated with surface tracery not witnessed anywhere in West Pakistan. The central chamber stands on a raised platform and is surrounded by double-storeyed pillared verandahs. Here the local style appears to dominate the traditional Muslim style.

The great Jami Masjid at Thatta, however, is another unique example of the Muslim

style in Pakistan. It was begun by the great Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan in 1647 and completed by Aurangzeb in 1658-59 A. D. Unlike the usual sand-stone or marble buildings of Shah Jahan's period at other places of the sub-continent, the great mosque at Thatta is executed according to the brick -and-tile tradition, and as such is unique in either Pakistan or India. The roof is composed of 93 low domes of which the 3 principal ones are exquisitely decorated with floral patterns in miniature tiles of different colours. The most remarkable feature of the mosque, however, is the tile-work with which the facade and the whole of the interior are covered.

Thatta buildings, thus, fall under two distinct styles. The one is that with the elaborate use of imported sand-stone, covered with carved surface tracery. This was introduced into Sind by the governors or representatives of the Imperial Mughals when the province came under them. The second was the indigenous style of brickwork with a lavish use of enamelled tiles. It was a provincialized form of architecture which developed at the same time throughout Persia. The brick walls here are arcaded with arches, turrets and cupolas, and the simple surface provides a field for the glazed tile work with which they are entirely faced.

The brickwork at Thatta is very superior. The bricks, or at least those of the wall-skin are made of the best pottery clay, perfectly formed and of cleanly-cut sharp edges. Those which are enamelled, are glazed in blue and white upon their outer surface.

The glazed tile was a handiwork of the potters of Hala, a town still known for the art of ornamental pottery, thirty-five miles north of Hyderabad.

The colours chiefly used in older tiles are two shades of blue ; dark purplish and light greenish and white. They are extremely transparent and lasting with an effect of depth and richness. Rarely a yellow tile is found, but that too is a self-coloured unglazed buff tile. In the latter works we find bright yellow and green glaze colours.

The great Jami Mosque at Thatta has the greatest quantity and variety of tile designs in Sind. The mosque is not remarkable for its architectural design or plan, but is exquisite so far as the effect and richness of the tile decoration is concerned. Here the visitor will notice tiles as small as half an inch square and of mixed sizes and shapes being used to form a perfect mosaic of elaborate patterns in colour. They are fixed with a thin coat of strong cement over a rough brick backing ; but unlike the Multan work, where to give a play of light and shade apart from the general colour scheme, the tiles were sunk and raised alternately, the Sind tile work is throughout done in flat surface on a uniform level.

The Imperial Mughal rule (16th to 18th centuries A. D.), however, was the period of greatest architectural achievements in Pakistan. Today, with the solitary exception perhaps of the Rohtas Fort, built by the Afghan King Sher Shah Suri, 12 miles north-west of Jhelum in 1539 A.D., the most significant remains of this period are centred in Lahore and its environs in the Punjab. The Rohtas Fort envisages the development of a new style with the use of Hindu brackets, tracery, designs, cupolas and other motifs in the hitherto established architectural designs, the two combining to characterize the mature Mughal architecture for nearly two centuries to come.

With a galaxy of Muslim architectural monuments, Lahore at once richly and completely represents this ' queen of arts ' in Pakistan. The major group of secular buildings of this period is found within the Old Fort near the north-western end of the main town of Lahore. The Fort is the only place in Pakistan which represents the different phases in the development of the Mughal architecture during the said period. The place gained prominence with the reign of Emperor Akbar, who demolished the old mud fort and reconstructed it in brick masonry in about 1566 A.D. Later on his successors, Jehangir, Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb made numerous additions in the main building area. The buildings of the time of Akbar and Jehangir are mainly of red sand-stone, with a prominence of native style in the use of Hindu beams and brackets, and with decorative figures of the lion, elephant and peacock in high relief and sculptured gargoyles. The buildings of the period of their successors, Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb, the Moti Masjid, the Naulakha Pavilion and the Shah Burj or Shah Mahal have a rich contrast with the former by the use of white marble instead of sand-stone and by the renaissance of the Persian motifs in the lavish use of *pietra dura* works and mosaics of coloured stones. The Naulakha, or the pavilion which is said to have cost nine lakhs of rupees, was built by Shah Jahan—the great builder of the Taj Mahal—in 1633 A.D. With its curvilineal roof in the typical Bengali style of East Pakistan, this dainty little marble summer-house, renowned for its extremely minute and delicate *pietra dura* work wrought in precious stones, can easily boast of having the finest piece of inlay work on the surface of the earth. The Shah Burj or the Shish Mahal (Palace of Mirrors) was also constructed by Shah Jahan in 1631 A.D. It was called Shish Mahal because of the elaborate mosaic of convex pieces of mirrors set in stucco tracery and the gilt work with which the entire interior of the building was once decorated. This building formed the harem portion of the fort.

Outside the fort, there are a number of monuments of the Mughal period, the

most significant, however, being the great Badshahi Mosque built in 1674 by Aurangzeb's foster brother and Master of Ordnance, Fidai Khan; the tomb of Emperor Jehangir at Shahdara, built by his spouse Empress Nur Jahan in 1628, and the famous Shalimar Gardens built under the command of Emperor Shah Jahan in 1637 A.D. These monuments evince much of the strength and solidity, noted in the Muslim architecture of the period with exquisite decorative work at places like the sarcophagus of Emperor Jehangir. In all these buildings there is in their spaciousness and setting something of the character of the nature-loving monarchs so fond of running waters and lush green meadows. Thus, the masterly hand of these versatile builders can be seen at the tomb of Jehangir or the Shalimar Gardens where nature and man appear to have linked themselves so beautifully together.

One cannot possibly pass over an architectural account of Lahore without referring to the mosque of Wazir Khan, a monument that Lahore can really be proud of. Built in 1634 A.D., again the reign of Shah Jahan, the greatest connoisseur of architecture in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent, this monument of small baked brick is elaborately decorated with arabesque paintings and lacquered tiles in true Persian style. According to experts these decorations are ' masterpieces of the art of inlay painting, and are true frescoes like the buouo fresco of the Italians'. The richness and excellence of the colours render an added beauty to these decorations, showing the renaissance of the Muslim architecture in this country at its very best.

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Garden Architecture

SHAIKH AHMED

Gardening as an art of landscape architecture came into the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent with the Mughals. In Central Asia, the home of the Mughals, the first necessity of life was water, hence the soul of an Eastern garden is centred around running water which makes possible the growth of flowers, grass and trees. Here lies the difference between an Eastern and Western garden. While in the West a fountain or an artificial waterfall is just decoration, in warm climates it is a necessity.

In Turkistan and in Persia the art of building irrigated gardens has been practised from very ancient times. Among the ruined cities north of Khotan, Sir Aurel Stein uncovered some buried houses, adjoining one of which there was an outline of an ancient garden. House and garden had lain buried under the drifting sand for nearly 1,600 years. Writes Sir Aurel : " The trunks of the poplars which still rise eight to ten feet above the sand-drift are grouped in the same little squares and enclosing rectangular avenues which can be seen in every well kept Bostan (orchard) from Kashgar to Keriya." In Persia, Zoroastrian skill in garden-craft takes the story back to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

Irrigated gardens came into India and Pakistan when the Afghans entered this country. They are known today only as magificent builders of massive mosques and forts, because these solid structures have withstood the ravages of time for centuries, but few remember that they were also great lovers of gardens. Of the hundred gardens which Feroz Shah alone built round Ferozabad (as Delhi was then known) not even one survives today. The terraces and tanks are gone ; old canals alone remain as testimony.

With the coming of the English into India there came a divorce between horticulture and architectural design, and consequently the art which the Mughals had perfected with

such interest and care, in which the planning of the garden was conceived in harmony with the house, palace or mausoleum, fell into decay through neglect.

On the other hand the influence which the Eastern style of gardening exerted upon the art of gardening in England has been most noteworthy. During the mid-Tudor period walled gardens such as those in the East became quite fashionable in England. Central paths were planned on an axis with the house and there was greater regard for symmetry.

Like the Mughal gardens, some of the English palace gardens were divided by paths into four main parterres and between these beds stood elaborate garden ornaments, fountains, sundials, etc.

About four miles from the city of Lahore, on the great caravan road to Peshawar, is situated the garden Shalimar. Some writers have aptly called it the Versailles of Pakistan. To some extent only has it survived the ravages of time and the vandalism of Sikh rulers (Ranjit Singh, for one, divested the garden of its peerless marble and precious stones to decorate the Golden Temple at Amritsar), yet its remains still give an idea of its former splendour.

To the south across the Grand Trunk Road, Lahore, were situated Inayat Bagh and Anguri Bagh. To the north was the Mahtabi Bagh which Government sold by auction to Mian Channan Din of Baghbanpura. To the west was the Golabi Bagh belonging to Sultan Beg. The ruins of its gateway can still be seen on the road to Shalimar. To the east was the Bagh-e-Dara of Prince Dara Shikoh. It was embellished with a baradari or marble pavilion, a tank and fountains of water. Maharaja Sher Singh gave it to one of his nobles, whose son demolished it and sold it to its last brick.

In addition to these gardens which surrounded Shalimar, Lahore boasted many more, the remains of some of which can still be distinguished. Across the Ravi and on its banks there were two gardens. One of Nur Jehan, which was called " Dilamez " or "Dilkusha" and the other garden was that of Mirza Kamran of which only a pavilion remains on the bank of the Ravi. At Nau Lakha, Ali Mardan Khan, the famous engineer, of Shah Jahan's period, built a garden. Its land is now under cultivation and of its fruit trees hardly a few remain.

The Building of Shalimar

Of all these the garden that is Shalimar was prominent in magnificence. The story goes that on one of his visits to Shahdara, the Mughal Emperor, Shah Jahan had a

dream of a wondrous garden like that of Paradise, bright with fruits of gold, marble fountains, cool pavilions and every variety of foliage. To realise this dream the Emperor decided to build a garden at Lahore. Syed A. Latif in his book " The History of Lahore" mentions that the spot where Shalimar was constructed once formed the bed of the river Ravi. The upper portion of the gardens comprised the "manjha" or high land and the lower the "bela" or low bed of the river. This land was so fertile and scenery around it in those days so beautiful that it captured the heart of Shah Jahan, who decided to purchase a portion of it and convert it into the garden of his dream.

His architect-engineer, Ali Mardan Khan, conceived a garden planned on the lines of Jehangir's Kashmir garden. Some historians, however, maintain that it was Ustad Jani, a master-mason working under Ali Mardan Khan, who conceived the plan, which was accepted by the Emperor and that it was as a reward that Ustad Jani was appointed Master Builder of the Shalimar.

Be that as it may, construction of the garden started in the sixth year of Shah, Jahan's reign in 1634 A.D., under the management of Khalilullah Khan. Irrigation was the chief problem for the garden-engineer. Along with Mulla Ala-ul-Malik, Ali Mardan Khan brought a canal from Madhupur, a hundred miles away, at the cost of two lakhs of rupees to supply water to the fountains of Shalimar. This canal was completed in 1633. In width it varies from 15 to 50 feet and in depth from seven to two feet. During the Sikh period a branch of the canal was taken to Amritsar to provide water for the tank of the Golden Temple.

It took one year and five months to complete the garden. Some writers, however, aver that the garden was completed in 1637. Evidence varies. The Court Poet of Shah Jahan presented a Persian chronogram of its foundation, the numeral value of the alphabetic symbols of which is 1047 Hijra, corresponding to 1637 A.D.

Mullah Abdul Hamid Lahori, in his "Badshahnama" gives the following account of the first state visit of the Emperor Shah Jahan to the Shalimar: "It had been represented to His Majesty that the gardens .....had been finished, the Royal astrologers were ordered to fix an auspicious hour for the visit of the august sovereign. Accordingly the 7th of Shaban 1052 Hijra (1642 A.D.) was fixed as the date of Royal visit."

It is difficult to say when the present name Shalimar was given to this garden. In the "Badshahnama" of Mullah Abdul Hamid Lahori, and in the "Ma-asir-i-Alimgiri"

of Mohammad Saki Mustaid, the garden is called "Farah Bakhsh". It is in the works of the historians of Nadir Shah that the name Shalimar (Shola-i-Mah) is first mentioned.

In the durbar of Maharajah Ranjit Singh there was once an interesting discussion on the word "Shalimar." "Shala" in Sanskrit means "house", "Mar" on the other hand, is a Turki word meaning " Joy ". Thus the Turko-Sanskrit combination would mean "House of Joy." In Kashmiri, however, "Mar" means "a stream," and thus Shalimar can also mean "the House of Streams." Some courtiers argued that the word actually was "Sholah-i-Mah" meaning "Ray of the Moon," while others interpreted it as "Shala-i-Mah" that is "House of the Moon". But Ranjit Singh had his own interpretation to offer, and he argued that in Jhang District of the Punjab "Shala" means "God" and, "Mar" in Panjabi means "curse". Thus Shalimar would mean "the curse of God," and hence he suggested that it should be called "Shala Bagh". "Shala" in Persian means "Black-eyed Sweetheart" and "Bagh" is Garden, thus "Shala Bagh" means "Garden of the Black-eyed Sweetheart," and, under his orders, the garden was henceforth styled by this designation in all public correspondence. ("History of the Panjab" by Sayed A. Latif).

The garden was designed in an oblong parallelogram over three terraces. A high wall of brick-work, with splendid cupolas at corners, surrounded the 44 acres of land. Imperial entrance through the surrounding wall was by the western gate. Courtiers entered from a gate to the east. These entrances were majestic structures decorated with enamelled tiles, a form of ornamentation called Kashani (after Kashan in Persia) which came into vogue during Shah Jahan's time to replace red stone and marble which was not easily available. The glazed tiles were worked into patterns of great variety. Principal colours employed were orange, vermilion, blue and green. Spandrels of the arches were enriched with flowing tracery. The top of the portal facades had a series of mouldings crowned with a parapet. Inside, avenues of orange, lemon and pomegranates framed graceful arches over the walks which were paved with brick-work in herring-bone or a succession of octagon design. The burnt brown of the bricks added a delicate touch of colour. Flower beds were laid out artistically.

A wide canal ran through the middle of the garden. From the top terrace the main channel flowed under a large marble pavilion with Indo-Saracenic columns and cloister arches, over an artificially designed waterfall. A sparkling cascade was formed as the sheet of water fell over a white marble screen corrugated with ornamental carved diapers. At the foot of the falls was a carved marble seat reserved for the Emperor. Water

flowed below into a vast marble tank studded with fountains. This, the central reservoir, was bordered with eleborately designed coping. It was divided by a finely designed walk and a platform of marble. On either side of this central decoration were marble pavilions which framed, as it were, a distant gateway pavilion built at the far end of the lower terrace.

A delicate marble fret-work screen eight feet high separated the top terrace called "Farah Bakhsh" from the rest of the garden. Passages to it were guarded by Armenian and Tartar soldiers who were dressed in their colourful native costumes. This terrace was reserved for ladies of the royal household. There were continuous flower beds and plane trees and aspen planted at regular intervals. Under each tree there was a raised platform where the ladies could recline at ease (" Badshahnama "). From the central canal smaller canals lead away at right angles to marble pavilions.

The present approach to the garden lies on the Grand Trunk Road and was opened during the time of the British by Major MacGregor. Thus, to-day, one enters the Shalimar Gardens from the terrace that was once reserved for ladies. Down the steps from this new door there lies a marble water basin with fountains now closed permanently. This basin is carved beautifully, somewhat like a scallop shell. On either side there are rooms with marble door frames and wooden doors decorated with floral patterns. These, most likely, were the bedrooms of the royal ladies. In front of these rooms there is an arcade called the khwabgah or " bed chamber " which was once furnished with a priceless agate water basin. It is said that on the disintegration of the Mughal Empire one Hafiz Alamullah, descendant of Mehr Manga tried to save this valuable basin from Sikh vandalism. He converted it into a trough for his animals. Some informer, however, gave the story away to the Sikh, Lahna Singh, who destroyed the basin and sold the agate to stone polishers of Lahore.

In the main pavilion situated over the main waterfall earlier described; Zeb-un-Nissa, the poetess daughter of Aurangzeb, dreamt her poetic dreams. A quatrain that came to her lips is still remembered. Roughly translated the quatrain reads:

" Oh waterfall! for whose sake art thou weeping?
In whose sorrowful recollections hast thou wrinkled thy brows?
What pain was it that impelled thee, like myself, the whole night
To strike thy head against stone and to shed tears."

It was in the pavilion in the east wall of this terrace that the Sikh ruler Sher Singh held his court. His audience room opened into a small courtyard outside the main garden wall.

To the east of the first terrace under the minaret there is a large room with three doors elaborately decorated. This is the entrance to the royal baths which consist of three parts, the first two having fountains while the third is a rectangular bath with four spouts, two of which served hot water and two cold. The royal bath was heated from outside the main garden wall and it is said that it required several hundred tons of wood to heat the bath on each occasion. During winter the fountains in the first two baths sprayed hot water to prepare the bather for the principal apartment. In the summer, cold water fountains played.

Two slopeways and two stairways from the main pavilion on the first terrace lead to the second and the third terrace. These terraces were called the " Faiz Bakhsh." The main attraction of the second terrace is the central water tank studded with fountains at the foot of the carved marble seat used as the throne. The story is related that many attempts were made by Ranjit Singh's technicians to remove the marble throne from here to Amritsar to adorn the Golden Temple. It broke in many places and the idea was abandoned. The marble pavilions here still retain a touch of their former magnificence. Ceilings were decorated with wood-work elaborately designed and prepared. To-day hardly any pieces of the original workmanship remain.

The third terrace is laid in charbagh or four groves design. Four narrow channels taking off from the main canal divide the plot into four equal groves. Each canal has a row of fountains. There are broad pathways on either side shaded by avenues of trees. Below the two pavilions which adorn the end wall of the second terrace, there is a marble chamber called the " Sawan Bhadon. " This room of peerless marble contains numberless niches in which lamps were placed. A sheet of water from the main tank on the central terrace fell across the opening from a ledge in the roof. The flickering lights of the lamps gleamed through the falling sheet of water resulting in a magic effect of showers and lightning. This ornamentation was an originality introduced by Ali Mardan Khan to garden decoration.

The bewitching effect of the gardens, lit up at night, fountains playing, the cool limpid water reflecting diamonds of light and the sombre cypress trees is better imagined than described. No wonder then that history records that His Majesty (Emperor Shah Jahan) was well pleased with the scene he witnessed. " Nobles and grandees offered congratulations......Multitudes of intelligent and wise men who were present before His Imperial Majesty and who had seen Rum, Irak, and Mawara-un-Nahir represented to him that a

garden such as this had never before been constructed or seen or even talked about by anybody."

A word about the fountains and parterres in conclusion. It is regrettable that except for one marble fountain, which is lily-bud in shape, all the rest of the hundred and forty-four are later additions. The fountains of the large tanks and canals were variations of the lily-bud theme. Others were in the form of fully open flowers. Much engineering skill is reflected in the planning of these fountains. When the water is let into the first cistern of the uppermost terrace, all fountains commence to play.

To fill the large tank in the second terrace and the four cisterns in the third terrace, a strong current of water was needed. This water force was provided by two large wells called " Baran Hurta " or the twelve-wheeled wells. which are situated to the east and the west of the upper terrace. The well on the west side is still in working order. Water from these wells was conveyed by means of aqueducts to the second and the third terraces. These aqueducts still exist though in a dilapidated condition, on the top and the side of the garden wall. The large well, which is situated to the west of the present entrance outside the garden wall, is more than 200 feet in diameter and very deep. It was worked by twelve persian-wheels. During the Mughal period it had an enormous iron grating, which was suspended a little below the water surface, to rescue articles which might fall into the well.

A parterre or geometric flower bed panelled by bricks or marble slabs is one of the attractive features of the Mughal gardens. The parterres are sunk and the pathways are raised to facilitate irrigation. The main garden squares are usually lower, about two feet or more. Flower beds are planted in a bold manner, and their rose bushes, fruit trees and tall flower bushes and herbs are a necessary adjunct to a sunken terraced garden. It is possible that these noble gardens were inspired by the " Firdaus " or paradise carpets, with designs of great antiquity. When the Arabs conquered Ctesiphon in 637 A.D., they greatly admired the famous carpet called " Chosroes Spring, " which decorated either an audience hall or an open platform. This design of the " Firdaus " carpet came down to the days of Shah Abbas and Shah Jahan. Poppies and lilies were planted in suitable areas of the garden and these contrasted with violets and red cyclamen in others, probably in imitation design of the " Chosroe " carpet. To avoid monotony the Mughal gardeners laid out the four main divisions of each terrace differently. Sometimes they followed the custom of " consecrating separate squares or even a whole garden to the worship of some special flower ".

IV

LITERATURE

Khushhal Khan Khatak and His Poems

SIR OLAF CAROE

Zuh tanha puh kkhe puh gham da nango nam yam
Yusufzai di faraghat puh Kishat o Kar;
    Afridi, Mohmand, Shinwari, gora! suh Ka?
    Da Mughalo Lakhkar prot puh Ningrahar!
Drust Pakhtun luh Kandahara tar Atak
Sarah yo da nang puh kar pat a ashkar.
    I, only I, care for my nation's honour,
    The Yusufzais are at ease tilling their fields;
    Afridis, Mohmands, Shinwaris, what are they about?
    See! the Mughal host lies in Ningrahar,
    And the true Pathans, every one from Kandahar to Attock,
    Should stand openly or in secret to the cause of honour.

In this and many other poems Khushhal, the Khatak poet, bewails the failure of most of the Pathan tribes to join the rebellion he led against the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb — with the Yusufzais he had a personal feud and he is inclined to dismiss them as hopeless; his own tribe, the Khataks, and even some of his own sons, had deserted him, and here he does not think them worth even a mention. The Afridis and Mohmands had helped him often and it is only here, in a last despairing cry, that he laments their final failure. And in so doing he refers, not for the only time, to the limits of the Pathan country, sketching roughly from Kandahar city in the south-west to the Indus ferry at Attock. (There was no bridge then, 300 years ago, except when Mughal armies crossed on a specially improvised bridge of boats).

It is worth observing that, again and again, Khushhal thinks and speaks of his

fellow Pathans by all the well-known names of the tribes which inhabited the terrain within present day Pakistan and which lies roughly between the Indus and the Durand Line. There is a slight extension in the south-west to include Kandahar, but even so he does not mention the Abdalis, as the great Durrani tribe were called in his days. They are outside his picture and do not seem to matter. Khushhal's vision is limited to the valley of Peshawar and Kohat, and to the mountains which surround them from Swat to Tirah. These were the tribes on the main routes from the Mughal capital at Delhi to the outlying Mughal Province of Kabul, whether by Khyber or by Bangash. It is these whom he reminds of the call of nang or honour. Let us examine the historical background of the relations between the Mughal Empire and these Pathan tribes.

We first hear of Khushhal's tribe, the Khataks, when Akbar arrived at Attock in 1581 on his way to Kabul to bring his refractory brother Hakim under control. One of the Pathan maliks who then presented himself before the Emperor was a certain Akorai, whom Akbar's advisers mentioned as competent, if given encouragement, to protect the King's highway from Attock to Peshawar. It was thought that Akorai and his tribesmen would have an interest in warding off the continual forays of the neighbouring and powerful Yusufzais who made a habit of raiding caravans passing from Attock towards Kabul. Akorai agreed to this commission in return for a fief of the country from a point a few miles south of where the Attock bridge now stands as far as the modern cantonment of Nowshera. He received also the right to collect the tolls upon this road. Soon after this, to signalize his position and his fame, Akorai founded the small town of Akora, upon a bluff over the south bank of the Landai, looking north at the low ranges which bound the Yusufzai country across the river.

Akorai was the great-grand father of Khushhal. Under Akorai himself, his son Yahya and his grandson Shahbaz, the Khataks remained loyal Mughal vassals, and as such were able to overrun considerable stretches of the then rebellious tribe situated north of the river opposite Akora. They even planted a colony under the hills of Swat further north, where they became the ancestors of the Khataks of the area known as Baizai. Echoes of this Yusufzai—Khatak tribal rivalry can be heard throughout Khushhal's poetry: it was a struggle in which his father Shahbaz, like Akorai and Yahya before him, met his death in 1641 during the reign of Shah Jahan.

Khushhal always speaks admiringly of Akbar's successors, Jehangir and Shah Jahan. Not only had his family been raised to eminence in the service of the Empire, but

the imperial favour had also been maintained. Jehangir, it is true, died before Khushhal came to manhood — he was about fourteen at the time — so his memories were no doubt reflectious of what he had heard from his father Shahbaz, and words may have been coloured by bright thoughts of his own youth when he wrote that in Jehangir's reign, Hind was like paradise. But Shah Jahan he knew personally and served. He had walked more than once through the Khyber by the Emperor's litter and he admired him. He wrote of him as qadrdan Shah Jahan, Shah Jahan the discerning, and in more than one passage laments that poverty of expression precludes him from offering praise that the monarch deserved. And indeed it was Shah Jahan who in 1641 confirmed Khushhal as Chief of the Khataks and Guardian of the King's highway to Peshawar. Khushhal then went to the Delhi court where he got himself attached to Amanat Khan and Asalat Khan, leading nobles, and in their train took part in various campaigns in Kangra, Balkh and Badakhshan, where he won considerable distinction.

In 1649-52 Khushhal, on return from foreign wars, decided to take the struggle against the Yusufzais on his home front to a further stage and induced Shah Jahan, who was still Emperor, to add certain Yusufzai villages north of the Landai to his fief. This was too much for the Yusufzais, who determined to see what could be done by offering at least a nominal submission to Delhi. Their Chief, Bahaku Khan, appeared at court and succeeded in securing the protection of the Emperor's son, the ill-fated Dara Shikoh, who persuaded Shah Jahan to pardon the Yusufzais and withdraw the Yusufzai area from Khushhal's fief. Thus rivalry between Yusufzai and Khattak was linked with court intrigue, and was soon caught up in the struggle for the succession. During the war of succession Bahaku, as in duty bound, supported Dara; Khushhal, who had been approached by Dara but rebuffed him, prevented the Yusufzais from offering him asylum by driving off a Yusufzai lashker awaiting the fugitive on the Landai bank. When therefore Aurangzeb emerged successful from the struggle he was at first favourably inclined to Khushhal and confirmed him in his chieftainship.

But at this point there took place a change in the local governorship. In 1661 Muhabbat Khan, the Governor commemorated in the name of Peshawar's chief mosque, was transferred to the Deccan and replaced by Syed Amir, with one Abdurrahim as Deputy in Peshawar (The Governors of the Kabul Province resided according to the season in Kabul or Peshawar, with a Deputy who remained in Peshawar throughout the year). Abdurrahim obtained an imperial mandate for the abolition of the tolls for crossing the

Indus. A general remission of tolls had been ordered shortly after Aurangzeb's accession in 1658 but had not yet been extended to the Frontier, where special conditions prevailed. Since Akbar's time the collection of the Attock tolls was a privilege which had vested in Akorai and his successors, and it followed that Khushhal was hard hit and resented the new orders. An endeavour was made to justify the measure as one of relief to the common man, but even it is not to be attributed merely to Yusufzai envy against an hereditary enemy, it is hard not to conclude that it was prompted by influences which felt that Khushhal and his Khataks had too long enjoyed a monopoly of imperial favour at the cost of other and possibly more diflcult and dangerous tribes.

Khushhal did not proceed to overt action against the new measure. But in 1664 he was summoned to Peshawar by Syed Amir and despatched in chains and under escort to Delhi, whence he was sent forward to spend over two years as a prisoner in the Gwalior fortress. And even on release from Gwalior he remained under house arrest and was not permitted to return to his country. It was not until 1668, when on Syed Amir's removal as a result of failure to maintain peace Muhabbat Khan once more arrived in the north, that Khushhal was set at liberty and accompanied him. But in 1670 Muhabbat was again relieved and replaced by Amin Khan who had been Governor of Lahore. Amin was the son of a diamond merchant from Golkonda in the Deccan, and a person to whom Aurangzeb had taken a fancy. He has been represented as dissolute and arrogant, and it was not long before he met his fall.

On his way to Kabul from Peshawar in the spring of 1672 his army was heavily attacked by a confederacy of Mohmands, Safis, Afridis and Shinwaris, incensed by the action of one of the Governor's subordinates involving the honour of some Safi women. The action took place on the Loargai plateau where Landi Kotal now stands. After a whole day's fighting the imperial forces were defeated with immense slaughter, everything being lost, troops, treasure, elephants, families including Amin's own wife and daughters and those of the nobles serving under him. Amin himself only escaped and reached Peshawar by a secret path over the shoulder of the Tahtarra mountain. Later some of the captives were ransomed, but the Governor's wife — the reason is clear — refused to return and became a recluse. Khushhal had been present at the battle in the Governor's train, seemingly in the capacity of a hostage. What he did in the fighting is not clear; it is probable that he stayed at the mouth of the pass at Jamrud. After two defeats Muhabbat Khan came up for the third time, and sought to prevail on Khushhal to return

to his allegiance, but the latter wrote that he had enough of the Mughals and their ways and went into active opposition. His attitude was stiffened when in 1674 Aurangzeb himself came north to pacify the rebellion. For the Khyber disaster had been followed by further and serious reverses to Mughal arms, in 1673 and in 1674 in Mohmand country. In all these actions, and in a later successful assault on the fort at Nowshera, Khushhal took an active and rebellious part, aided by the Afridi chiefs Aimal and Darya Khan. He also resigned the chiefship of his tribe to his eldest son, Ashraf, and the rest of his life is a confused patchwork of forays, journeys into various tribal areas to seek assistance, half-hearted reconciliations with the authorities, and quarrels with his own sons, more than one of whom, notably Bahram turned against him and took the Mughal side. He died in 1689, aged seventy-six.

Khushhal's patriotic poems are inspired by two passions, the first his hatred for the Emperor Aurangzeb, the second his pride in what he calls the nang, the honour, of the Pathan.

The first poem — Bia luh Rumah ra paida shuh da bahar — I have tried to set in some form of heroic rhymed couplet which shall give an idea of the spirit of the Pakhtu; the remainder are in verse libre, based on work done ninety and seventy years ago by Raverty and Biddulph, with some variations to improve the sense. The opening verse in the first poem, a war ballad, is reminiscent of certain English romances opening with a prelude of the same kind, unconnected with the subject of the poem:

O spring, O spring I love, whence hast thou come?
O field that glow like rose plots, glow and bloom!
O liby, O wind-flower, O daffodil,
Pomegranate, jasmine, herb of sweet basil,
O rainbow glory for a carpet spread,
With brightest gem, the tulip glowing red!
See! every maid plucks roses for her breast,
And flowers adorn each youth's proud turban-crest,
While quivering bow searches a melody
And each string throbs with long-drawn ecstasy.
Cup-bearer, fill the flagon, fill it high:
Khushhal shall sing of war in revelry!
And old Khushhal will rise, a youth again!

In life, in death, let honour be his guide,
So shall his memory in the grave abide.

The poet-warrior's deepest hostility was reserved for Aurangzeb. There is a strong school of historians engaged in the defence of Aurangzeb, whom many admire for his orthodox piety and zeal, as contrasted with the apostasy of Akbar and the self-indulgences of Jehangir. He is offered as a saint who displayed upon the throne the austere virtues of Islam, his fratricides committed according to the times in self-defence against heretic brothers interested in profligacy. Others, like Khushhal, continue to regard him as the English Protestant has been taught to regard Philip II of Spain; a man of misguided religious zeal, narrowly conscientious and persistent in attention to detail, but in essense cruel concealing a sinister purpose behind every action. Here we are concerned not with an assessment of these contrasts, but with the impact of the Emperor' sactions on the minds of the Pathans in the Empire's Frontier Province.

In considering these it is fair to note two things. The first is that Khushhal had good reason for disliking a ruler who had deprived him of the ferry and highway tolls enjoyed by his forefathers since they were granted by Akbar to Akorai. Those who defend Aurangzeb point out that this deprivation was not peculiar to the Attock highway; it was part of a general act of remission of all the taxes collected on every highway, frontier and ferry throughout the Empire; it was in fact one incident in a general policy designed to benefit the trader and the common man, and it can be represented as a wise act of statesmanship, resistance to which on the part of Khushhal was self-interested and small-minded. The second point is that the alienation of Khushhal and his Khataks was bound up with the tribal aversion of Khatak for Yusufzai; a rapprochement with the Yusufzais inevitably spelt the cold-shouldering of at least one faction, that of the chief, among the Khataks. In other words Khushhal should have poured the vials of his wrath not on the wise and well-meaning Emperor, whose only fault was that he decreed measures for the public good which impinged on private vested interests, but on the Yusufzais and the local officials whom they misled.

There is substance in all this. But for Khushhal too there is this to be said. He did not resist the withdrawal of the right to collect tolls; he did not go into rebellion at that time. Yet despite twenty years' personal service to the monarchy, and the loyalty of the father, grand sire and great-grand sire to the Empire's camp, in 1664 he was placed under arrest at Peshawar, sent to Delhi in chains, confined at Gwalior for over two years,

and not released until 1668 on the special intervention of Muhabbat Khan. What of that say Aurangzeb's partisans? Given the vitriolic attacks of the poet on his king, and knowing as we do that Khushhal's release was a main factor leading to a dangerous rebellion in the course of which the imperial armies were defeated in six battles, Khushhal was lucky to escape with four years restraint. Aurangzeb would have been justified in cutting off his head, and the fact that he did not shows his magnanimity. In proof of Khushhal's treachery it can be pointed out that he was with Amin before the battle in the Khyber, but his poems show that he not only joined in Amin's defeat, but straightaway went into open rebellion against the King and spent the rest of his life in that fashion.

Khushhal had certainly the defects of a people never constant in respect for authority as such, and never forgetting a slight put on himself, as he saw it. Such men can be held only in the bonds of a loyalty which is personal to him to whom it is offered, and it is hard to think of any such emotional bond between the cold-blooded Emperor and his headstrong vassal in the north. Even now the tribal spirit is so strong in them that Pathans will chafe under authority; 300 years ago the slightest affront would stir the instinct of the tribesman to get free, to strike off every bond and be a cow to himself, obeying only the nang of the Pathan. Khushhal would have seen no wrong after the Khyber fight in going into outlawing. The logic of the Emperor would have seemed to him hypocrisy.

All said, we have to judge between two men, which voice is the more authentic, that of the King who killed his brothers and imprisoned his father to reach a throne, and with all his genius and persistence led an Empire to decay; or that of the warrior poet whose words still kindle fire in the hearts of his compatriots? The lover of the Pathan will have no doubt. Nevertheless the Pathan is not seldom a tiresome and contumacious sub-ordinate. Even Khushhal had to lament the tribal lack of discipline, the unreadiness to work with others, the imputation of personal motives. One thing is certain; a government which acts as did Aurangzeb's will never command Pathan loyalty.

As we know from the poem to spring, Khushhal had secured valiant assistance from the Afridis under their maliks Darya Khan and Aimal Khan, but with the Yusufzais he failed, and failed completely. This failure was rooted in history. The Khattaks had basked in Mughal smiles when the Empire was fighting the Yusufzais, and had taken advantage of the imperial aid to occupy large slices of Yusufzai territory. Now that the Khataks were out of favour, the Yusufzais saw no reason to help them — very much the reverse. Khushhal himself seemed unable to see this; he quite unjustly scorned the

Yusufzais as cowards, and the colour of the verses he wrote about them has to be corrected with this in view. In his eyes they were double-dyed villains, first because they were hereditary foes and secondly because, when he approached them, they would not play. The opening verse in this article is in point, and so is:

No great deed will be wrought by the Pathans,
Heaven ordains that petty should be their achievement,
I seek to set them straight, they straighten not;
Crooked is the vision of the ill-intentioned.
No regard have the Yusufzais for Pakhtu,
Get you gone from these disgraced Pakhtuns, Khushhal!

During his wanderings in search of Yusufzai reinforcement he went as far as the Swat Valley — an unusual journey for a Khatak in those days, for the tribes were wont to keep to their own ranges. His descriptions of Swat are of great interest, mainly for the reason that they introduce us to another marked trait in the poet's character, his passion for the loveliness of nature's settings, and particularly for flowers and verdure. In this he resembles Babur, and it may be said that every Pathan has in him something of the passion that haunted Wordsworth. Of Swat Khushhal writes:

In climate it is glorious, far lovelier than Kabul,
Bleak is Kabul, Swat is mild and gentle,
Its air and verdure are like unto Kashmir,
Though it spreads not out so finely;
In every abode there are cascades and fountains,
Fine cities these are, fine dwellings, and fair markets,
Such a country, with such a clime and such streams,
Wherein every place is by nature a garden of flowers,
Hath no homes, no gardens, no fragrance or freshness,
For the Yusufzais have made of it a desert.
Swat is meant to give Kings gladness,
Every place in it befits a prince,
But the Yusufzais have no such feelings,
And have made of it a desolate hostel.

Contrast this with what the poet writes of his own country, the wild, desolate range of Khatak hills, running down to over-shadow the confluence of the Indus and the

Landai rivers. It is this country for which he pined during the time of his imprisonment in Gwalior Fort:

Blessings be on Akorai who chose Surai for his home,
Believe me, and well I know, it is of all places the place!
The dark mountain of Hodi runs straight up to Tirah,
The Nilab and Lamdai rivers lie beneath its feet,
Along their banks runs the great highroad from Hind to Khurasan,
And there is the Attock ferry, at which prince and beggar tremble;
Every bounty that earth bears comes thither,
And when the rains fall, how lovely is the spring?
What of Swat, or Ashnaghar, or Peshawar, or others lands?
All bow down to it, and their bounty cometh thither,
Stout and strong are its young men, nimble and active,
Merry-eyed, fair, and ruddy of countenance, tall in stature to behold;
Woe is me! Fate has taken me from it. Whose arm can reach to Heaven?
Never of his own will would Khushhal have left Surai.

There is another lament, written from exile:

O gentle morning-breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairabad,
Or should thy way lead thee beside Surai's stream,
Whisper to them my greetings again, and yet again,
Salute them that I love so dearly!
To the mighty Abasind cry out with a loud voice,
But whisper softly to the Landai stream.
It may hap that I shall again drink from thee,
Nor ever dwell beside Ganga and Jamuna:
In Hind are no cool waters for refreshment,
God's curse upon it, though it be full of luxury;
God grant that I may be one again with my beloved,
Not for ever will Khushhal remain in Hind.

Khushhal wrote many love-lyrics, and indeed regarded himself as a very Bahram Gur among lovers.

One of his poems runs:

Two things do I love most in myself and in the world,
In myself mine eyes, and in the world fair women;
When I behold the beauty of the fair, I feel I have found God,

Short is the distance ' twixt love sacred and profane. Love-poetry does not come over easily from one tongue to another. Two of these poems are very well known and less stereotyped than most verse based on the Persian tradition. One records in detail the physical charms of the Afridi girls in the Kohat Pass:

" Fair and rosy are the Adam Khel maidens,
Large eyes they have, long lashes, and arched brows.
Sugar lips, flowered cheeks, a forehead like the moon,
Tiny are their mouths like pouting rose-buds,
Their skin so soft, and glossy like an egg-shell,
In stature straight as the letter Alif and air of colour—
Like the hawk has been my flight upon the mountains
And many a plump pretty patridge has been my prey;
The hawk, young or old, seeks its quarry,
But the swoop of the old hawk errs not;
Love's affairs are like fire, O Khushal,
What though the flame be hidden, the smoke is seen!"

The other is hard to render. Each couplet ends with the *chuni* of the Pakhtu phrase for *n'est ce pas*, 'is it not'? In English there is no poetry in this, in Pakhtu it sounds like the challenge of a drum or a bell, and is very effective:

The sword is sharpened for the blow, is it not?
The love-locks are furled for the beloved, are they not?
Why sayest thou to me, "Look not on the fair"?
The eyes are given me for seeing, are they not?
Let the priest fast and pray, let the gallant take the goblet,
Every man is created to fulfil his lot, is he not?
Saidst thou, "My lip's kiss is like a healing draught",
The draught I seek of thee is to heal my wound, is it not?

Thou drinkest my heart's blood, that is for thee alone,
My heart was made for thee so cruel, was it not?
Here is wine, here is harp and flute, and thy beloved,
O Khushhal,
Thy tablets in hand, go into the garden, wilt thou not?

To go deeper, the thoughts of a fine simple faith are ever present with Khushhal; his profane loves have not concealed from him the divine mercy for which he hopes:

One, one King I know, His orders I obey,
His yea, and His nay, alike rule my life,
Aimal Khan and Darya Khan are present in His court,
Here am I, my God, I wait at Thy threshold!
One day will be heard the command, "Come thou to Me!"
Then eagerly will thy slave run to Thee,
Though Thou dost rend the petitions I send Thee,
In words will I assail Thee in my progress.

The Afridi chiefs whom he loved as doughty fighters on his side had gone before him, and he longed to be with them once more.

It is worth while to dwell at some length on Khushhal's life and thoughts, for he is Pathan of Pathans. With all his weaknesses, with all his vain glory, there is something splendid about the man. He compels affection, and even love. And to understand him is the beginning of knowledge for him who would know Pathans.

One day in the late spring of last year, on my way down from Peshawar to the former Punjab, I went four miles off "The great highroad from Khurasan to Sind" to visit the poet's grave. There are two hamlets just under the hills, the hamlets of Upper Surai — wrongly marked as 'Isori in the map — one named after a clear spring which rises in a little dale just above the grave. The graveyard looks north and it is high enough on the hill-skirts to command a view across the Landai river and the great plain of the Smah to the splendid outline of the mountain-ramparts of Buner and Swat, all land over which the poet had fought, and later wandered in search of the aid that never came from the Yusufzais. On the chosen evening the sun, which had just set over the plain, was still striking through spring storm-clouds over the mountains in shafts of light, and glimpses of the snow ranges in the further distance could still be seen. Over the Khatak hills to the south there was a deep rest as before the storm; there was no dust; the waters ran

quietly from a little spring in the glade behind the tomb and a little later a muezzin called from the village mosque to prayer. The tomb is covered by a small dome, erected by the pious of a much later generation. "Why is it here, in so lonely a spot?" I asked the custodian. The answer came, "The poet desired it, for he loved the countryside and flowers and above all wished that in his resting place he should not be disturbed by the clatter of the hooves of the Mughal cavalry, passing on the King's highway".

The tomb is covered with a plain marble slab which bears the inscription:

Da Afghan puh nang mi utarlah turah,
Nangyali da zamane Khushhal Khatak yam.
I have taken up the sword for the pride of the Afghan name
I am Khushhal Khatak, the proud man of this day.

The Romance of Shah Latif

AHMED G. CHAGLA

Islam has never countenanced the bifurcation of life into the inner and the outer, and there are numerous instances in Muslim history of a king turned faqir, an apothecary (attar) turned mystic ; and scholars of the highest repute, like the great Ghazali and Rumi, suddenly abandoning all the learning of the world and reaching out into the world of the spirit, beyond the ken of discursive reasoning.

The story of Shah Latif is the story of an earthly love that lead a young man of twenty to realise, by a slow and painful process of self-discipline, that the real sense of values is different from the commonly accepted worldly values. The personal romance of Shah Latif, popularly known as "Ghot Bhitai", the "Bridegroom of Bhit". is an apt illustration of the saying : "Look for the flower to bloom after the storm—not till then".

Shah Abdul Latif (1690-1752), the great poet-saint of Sind, has immortalized a number of folk-tales and romances of "greater Sind," that vast region extending from the deserts of Multan and Jesalmir down to the arid coasts of Cutch, Sind and Baluchistan. But the romance of his own life is as interesting and colourful as any he ever sang in verse.

The Fateful Visit

As the prefix to the name implies, "Shah" Abdul Latif was born in a family of Sayyads, who are revered among the Muslims as the descendants of the Prophet. His great-grandfather was the well-known Shah Abdul Karim of Bulri, who was also a great poet and saint. His father, Shah Habib, was the eldest in the Sayyad clan and was held in high esteem by the common people as well as the aristocrats, mostly foreigners, who first came to Sind as invaders and settled there. One of the semi-religious duties of a Sayyad was to offer prayers at the bedside of the sick for their recovery.

Once the daughter of the powerful Mirza Moghul Beg fell ill. The Mirzas belonged to the famous Arghoon clan of the Turks, who traced their ancestry to the mighty Chenghiz and had their fortress somewhere near where the descendants of Shah Abdul Karim, their spiritual advisers, lived. Shah Habib was promptly summoned, but as he was unavoidably prevented from going, he sent Latif instead.

That was the turning point in the young man's life and the beginning of his romance.

Though the women-folk of the Mirzas, as was customary in aristocratic families, were kept in strict seclusion, the Shahs were treated as a privileged class and were admitted to the inner apartments after the ladies had wrapped themselves up in their mantles. Mirza Moghul Beg's daughter was known for her extraordinary beauty, and Latif was just twenty!

The inevitable happened. The temperamental Latif so far forgot himself as to hold the little finger of the frail girl in his hand and exclaim in verse:

> "She whose finger is in the hands of a Sayyad need fear no tossing of the waves".

In Sindhi idiom, holding the hand of a girl virtually means calling her one's own! The Mirzas, the aristocrats among aristocrats, were too well bred to create a scene at the time, but they could not forget what they considered an insult to their dignity. How could the son of a poor Sayyad aspire to the hand of a child of the glorious House of Chenghiz.

The veneration for the Sayyads on the part of the Mirzas soon gave place to less noble feelings. Things at last came to such a pass that the Sayyads began to be openly insulted, not only by the Mirzas but, at their instigation, by the common people as well. Ultimately no Sayyad could pass by the house of a Mirza safely, and the poor Shahs were eventually forced to leave the place. In the interests of peace, they migrated a little northwards and lived a segregated life in a new quarter built by themselves.

Poor Latif! He was just twenty-and in love. This spiritual inheritor of the great poet Shah Abdul Karim reacted in his own intensely individual way to the stimulus of this newly found, though hopeless attachment. His restless spirit was awakened to an abnormal degree. He would often spend days together in the surrounding desert and waste lands, with a forlorn look on his handsome face. He began to compose verses spontaneously, comparing the beauty of his beloved to that of the sun, the moon and the stars—to their detriment.

Ultimately his passion became so intense that, it is said, he often swooned away in ecstasy while in the desert. On one occasion, it is recorded, he remained unconscious for so long that he was almost buried alive under the sand that had collected over his prostrate body during a dust-storm! His father rescued him just in time.

The intense yearning gave place, in time, to a state of hopelessness, which began to produce its effect on the sensitive youth. One day he went to the desert as usual but did not return. Search parties were sent all around but they could find no trace of him. Subsequently it came to light that he had met a party of wandering minstrels, and donning the ochre of a mendicant this son of a Sayyad had joined them!

The Quest Begins

Thus began the wanderings of Latif and this was the beginning of the collection of the vast folk-lore which later he was to interpret in his own unique manner in his poems. This was also probably the beginning of his acquaintance with music, to which he was passionately attached during his later life, like Rumi.

With these wandering minstrels Latif visited many places of Pilgrimage in the territory surrounding Sind. But wherever he went, whatever he saw, whatever folklore or romantic tale he listened to, it all reminded him of his own beloved. Latif also went to Kabul and Kandhar, and on his return revisited Hinglaj, Here he seems to have disregarded some formal observances of the faqirs, as a result of which a disagreement arose and he left the party. He was now on his own.

Traversing Kech Mekran, he came by way of Las Bela to the south-west coast of Sind and lived among the poor fisher-folk. The legend of the "Whale-Hunters", which he interprets in one of his poems, he seems to have heard somewhere near Karachi.

From the Karachi coast he went to Thatta, which was an important place then, being the abode of the Makhdooms who were religious leaders of influence. On the way to Thatta an interesting incident befell him.

The Smitten Soul

Somewhere in the hills he heard a voice singing a song and crying in anguish. He found that the voice came from a cave. On going in, imagine Latif's surprise at finding a man in ecstasy singing one of his own verses in that soulful voice!

On enquiry, the man explained that he was a camel-driver, and when his caravan was passing by Hala (somewhere near the abode of Latif's people) he had heard a party of wandering minstrels singing a song. The first line had made such a deep impression on

him that, leaving his camels and caravan, he had been wandering about the desert singin that line. It was taken from Latif's own version of the famous desert romance of Sass i and Punnu. Says Sassi, the seeker :

> " I shall now go all alone in search of Punnu, the beloved. "

The suffering Latif could well understand the anguish and the inner condition of the man, and asked him if he would like to hear the next line of the same verse. The camel-driver showed great eagerness and Latif continued : Know, O seeker, :—

> "There are difficult mountain passes and precipices sharp as the spear on the path"!

On hearing this the man almost lost consciousness and incoherently begged Latif to complete the verse. And Latif concluded :

> "But my suffering and my yearning shall ever be my faithful companions on the long, long journey in search of the beloved."

This was more than the man could bear and he fell in a deep swoon. Startled at the occurrence, Latif touched the prostrate body, only to find that the spirit had fled ! He buried the corpse at the same spot, and to this day the "grave of the camel-driver" is pointed out to passing travellers. In later days Shah Latif used to say : "I never yet saw a man as true and with such a sensitive heart as that camel-driver."

The Return of the Paragon

In time, after he had been wandering for three years from home, Latif reached Thatta, where he was well received by Makhdoom Mueen. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship. Makhdoom Mueen knew that Latif's father had been overwhelmed with grief at his son's sudden disappearance and prayed day and night for his safe return, so he persuaded Latif to go back. His ardour had also cooled a little by now, and, what is more, his sense of values had completely changed. And so, one day, as suddenly as the youth had disappeared, the man returned. But what a man ! A man who had learnt the alchemy of transmuting the dross of common erotic folk-lore into the purest gold of spiritual allegory. A man who is compared with the great Rumi and who is justly revered today as the premier poet-saint of Sind whose tomb is a place of pilgrmage for thousands and whose songs will continue to be sung as long as the Sindhi language survives.

The sequel to the personal romance of Shah Latif is as exciting as any story that emanated from the brain of a master novelist. And yet it is true.

He had not been long with his people when armed robbers attacked the fortress

of the rich Mirzas. The men were absent on an expedition, and the robbers took away almost all the movable property. On their return, the infuriated Mirzas formed a reprisal party to attack the robbers in their lair. Shah Latif was a different person now. Forgetting the sufferings of the Sayyads at the hands of the Mirzas, he offered them in their distress the assistance of himself and his clan, but the proud Moghul Beg refused the offer with disdain!

The Mirzas went out alone to battle and suffered a terrible reverse in which almost all of them were killed. Their women-folk considered this colossal misfortune to be due to the curse of the Sayyads, the descendants of the Holy Prophet, whom the Mirzas had treated so very badly, and to make amends they now offered the hand of the daughter of Moghul Beg to Latif!

Thus, unlike the ending of most eastern romances, the ending of this true tale is happy. The marriage of Shah Latif and the beautiful girl he had loved hopelessly so long was duly celebrated, and they lived happily thereafter.

The experiences of his youth, however, had changed his inner life completely. The way he interpreted the folk-lore of the vast region through which he had travelled, turning each ordinary tale into a superb spiritual allegory without relating the entire story, is a technique developed by Shah.

The depth of his inner vision is clear from a short verse written probably during his later days. Whereas in the verse from Shah's version of Sassi-Punnu, related earlier, Shah speaks of the difficulties of the Path, warning the aspirant Sassi, now, almost at the end of his quest, he makes Sassi say:

> "When I retired within myself and communed with my spirit,
> I found that there were no mountains on the way; nor did
> I have any yearning for the prince of Kech (Punnu):-
> In fact I myself have become Punnu, the Beloved:-
> Sassi, the seeker, was nothing but a (passing) pain!".

Bengali Literature

SALIMULLAH FAHMI

Modern Bengali language has evolved from a simplified form of Sanskrit called "Prakrit", meaning "of the people." For a long time attempts were made to popularise the Sanskrit language and many reformations took place resulting gradually in the loosening of its formal rigidity. It eventually mixed up with the existing local dialects and a new language, the Prakrit was born. We can today visualize a plausible chain of development: first Sanskrit, then a simplified form of Sanskrit, then an admixture of Sanskrit and popular languages resulting in Prakrit, ultimately giving birth to the Bengali Language. But the leap from Prakrit to Bengali baffles such simple logic. Their definite relationship follows no strict code. The lure of a multitude of natural influences took it further and further away from the original Sanskrit. In Bengali, by some mysterious process, the links had snapped. A new language, gathering new moss at every stage, it rolled on through the ages.

The earliest literary creations of Bengal were made in this foreign language. Jay Dev wrote his verses in Sanskrit. They were couplets written in adoration of Krishna; musical utterances of a poetically gifted devotee. These "geets" ultimately became a literary tradition for the coming generations. From the tenth to the thirteenth century we have such "geets" in abundance mostly wirtten in Sanskrit. There are also some verses in praise of Lord Buddha belonging to this period wirtten in easy Bengali.

Bengal has always been a seat of pious mystics. Their influence made our poets devotional and their poetry lyrical. Verses were written not to be read but to be sung to the chiming of the temple bells. Other musical instruments supplemented the rhythm: the thick rich odour of burning incense filled them with divine aroma. Devotional adoration and ecstatic lyricism became the mark of all the best that has so far been written in Bengali.

In the thirteenth century when the Turks invaded India, Bengal could not escape unscathed. For almost two centuries local cultural progress totally ceased. Rest and leisure are essential conditions for all creations of art. It was only from the middle of the 14th century when Shamsuddin Elias Shah ascended the throne of Bengal and declared it an independent State that peace once again came to stay in Bengal. Under Royal patronage the art and culture of the land began to flourish again. At least three Sultans in the fifteenth century and one Sultan and three influential Muslim countries in the sixteenth century extended their patronage to all poets of the court. The positive aspects of the interest the court showed during the reign of these Muslim Sultans had far-reaching effects on the literature of Bengal as a whole. The court sometimes went so far as to suggest themes and inspire and encourage the poets to write on them.

Religious fervour has always been the source of inspiration of great poetry. When the philosophy of Lord Buddha had started captivating the heart of India from one end to the other the Hindu Kings felt that the new doctrine was going to be a menace to their religion. The Royal court during Sen and Pal Dynasties zealously encouraged the fervent Hindu poets. Apart from the fact that all early literature, for inevitable historical reasons, is bound to be religious in inspiration, the peculiar circumstances in Bengal led the court to seriously patronise devotional poetry of a particular religion. So, to stem the growth of Buddhism the new Saiva-devotionalism was encouraged in poetry. Then sect after sect came and poured forth endless songs, and only Vaishnavas remained to be a vital force deeply affecting early Bengali literature. The Muslim rulers only added to this awakening of Hindu devotionalism with the liberation of spirit typical of Islam and the political honesty of its ideal. The Sultans wanted above all peace and amity in their kingdom. So that none could possibly object, nor complain against the religious tyranny of the ruling community the Sultans deliberately encouraged court poets to choose themes from Hinduism. For the benefit of the majority the Sultans engaged translators of genius to bring holy books of Hindu religion (written in Sanskrit) within the easy reach of the common people. It is for this simple historical reason that we find today early Bengali literature so full of magnificent translations of the great mythological and religious books of Hindusim. This happened inspite of the decree of the Benares Brahmins that a man reading Vedas and Puranas in the Bengali language would be doomed to hell.

Among the ancient poets of Bengal, Bidyapati and Chandidas stand as the two unquestioned geniuses. It cannot be said too definitely whether they were the earliest

poets of our language but history has kept no record of any other notable name before theirs. Both of them were Vaishnava poets and sung mainly about love. They were at once sensuous and devotional; realistic and symbolical, full of divine ardour as well as human warmth. It was the period of emancipation from bondage of the arid formation of Sanskrit and religion. The language in which these verses were written was a peculiar but sweet mixture of early Bengali Prakrit and popular Hindi. Literary legend claims that such a blend of language had an exact afinity with the probable divine tongue of the sacred dreamland of Sri Krishna and Radha.

Bidyapati was the more learned of the two but Chandidas was the more finished craftsman—a master of detail, who excelled in chiselling out faultless verses. But Chandidas had deeper roots in the human heart. The easy grace and the inimitable naivety with which his verse flowed were suffused with human feeling.

With the dawn of the fifteenth century we have Krittibas, the author of the first Ramayana in Bengali. Mature in the tradition of Bidyapati and Chandidas, Krittibas imparted a new depth to the developing Bengali poetry. The emotional tone of the two great Vaishnava poets was devotional. But human love in these ancient poets often deviated into erotic passion. Krittibas's emotional quality had greater depth, balance and variety.

Krittibas started translating Ramayana under the patronage of Raja Ganesh, the ruler of Gour. After his death his son, who accepted Islam and took the name of Jalaluddin Muhammed Shah ascended the throne. Even the Hindu Pundits of the era quote him as one of the greatest patrons of art and literature. During the mid-fifteenth century, court poets received unbounded encouragement from the influential court officials. Ruknuddin Barbak Shah, who reigned during the later part of the fifteenth century, conferred the great title of "Gun Raj Khan" on the well-known Hindu poet, Maladhar Basu. After that till the period of Hussain Shah, Gour was constantly perturbed by political unrest. Naturally the art and culture of the country also suffered a temporary stagnation.

Thus ended the earliest stage of the history of Bengali Literature. From this period till the advent of British Rule in the middle of the eighteenth century we have the second phase.

Second Phase

Syed Hussain, a minor court official, by his sheer genius and popularity,

ascended the throne of Gour. After becoming the Sultan he adopted a new name, Syed Alauddin Hussain Sharif Mucci. As Hussain Shah he is known as the greatest and noblest of the Sultans that ever ruled Bengal. Peace and prosperity of his people were his only concern. The court once again became the seat of art and literature. The history of Bengali literature from the later part of fifteenth century to the middle of sixteenth century is also the record of benevolent art-loving Muslim Sultans and court officials extending their help, encouragement and patronage to individual Hindu poets.

The hymns of Mansa, the snake goddess, by Bijoy Gupta, are still recognised as live poetry. He and almost every other poet of the age, mention Hussain Shah as a just and noble ruler. Joshoraj Khan, a minor official under Hussain Shah, composed beautiful Hymns to Sri Krishna. Paragal Khan was a military Chief under Hussain Shah who conquered Chittagong and lived there permanently. 'Bharat Pachali', notable work based on the tales of Mahabharat by Kavindra, was written chiefly in accordance with Paragal Khan's desire and instruction. Paragal Khan's son Nasimuddin Nusrat Shah loved Bengali poetry very passionately. Kaviranjan was a famous poet of his time. His affinity with the poet Vidyapati was so close that they called him the Junior Vidyapati. Hussain Shah's grand son Alauddin Firoz Shah did not deviate from the noble traditions of his forefathers. Kavi Sri Dhar's immortal verse on the love episodes of Vidya and Sundar were composed under the express desire of Sultan Firoz. Sri Chaitayana, the great preacher of the religion of love, was another outstanding influence on the poetry of the age of Hussain Shah.

An interlude of social and political turmoil preceded the dawn of the seventeenth century. The crown changed hands in a violent manner. The Mughals came to rule; the Pathan Sultans resisted but succumbed. Mukunda Ram's autobiographical verses have a number of bright images perfectly telling the tale of this tumultuous transitional era of sixteenth century Bengal. The Mughals were efficient administrators. Peace and amity was soon revived and established. Poets in full glory started adorning the court. Vaishanava poetry was once again in full sway.

After the Turks invaded India, beginning from the fifteenth century down to the advent of British rule in the middle of the eighteenth century, Bengali poetry was fundamentally lyrical. It was composed neither for reading nor for recitation. Verses were then sung, either at the court or at the temples with musical accompaniment. Even puppet shows were presented to the accompaniment of music to create dramatic verisimilitude. They had one chief unaltered tone that governed all poetic emotion. The feeling of love

(including adoration and devotion,) was the moving principle of all poetic inspiration. The theme, too seldom dealt with earthly matters. Divine personalities of holy books or legends consitituted a major subject of poetry. Verses were then often called 'Pachali' because they were sung in groups. Pachali was almost always composed on divine personalities or superhuman ideals. If a poetical work was in praise of gods or goddesses the work was classified as Mangal Kavya; if on the godly aspects of a highly idealized human personality the work was called Vijay Kavya.

Even history is mysteriously silent on some very interesting problems of Bengali literature. Though it had developed greatly around the learned Muslim rulers for long, the exact nature of the influence of Islam has yet remained unvield. Persian being the court language must have had a great influence on the writers of Bengali. Certain extant works remain witness to this even to-day. The living language of the people is even a greater argument. The philosophy of Islam could not but enthrall great minds of this country. Did not all these impart some unique flavour to the language and the literature of Bengal ? The historians of Pakistan have to fulfil the great task of completing this unwritten chapter of the history of Bengali Literature.

Galaxy of Muslim Poets

It is in the middle of the seventeenth century that we find a galaxy of great Muslim poets at the court of Arakan. Bred and nourished on the literary tradition of Vaishnava poetry, Muslim writers too wrote a large number of memorable devotional verses on Hindu religious themes. But the magnitude of the special contributions of the early Muslim poets to the general growth of Bengali Literature is unique. They were the first recognised poets who humanized Bengali literature. Considered in its historical aspects it is a new revolutionary element that brought literature to the earth. From the heavens of the Gods, it was dragged to the world of humanity. The stories of super-human beings were replaced by themes of daily life and earthly beings. In short, literature found its roots in the human heart. Nasir Mahmood, Syed Sultan, Syed Murtaza, Ali Raza and Allawal are unforgettable names of the age. They were popular poets who adopted the popular medium "Puthi" and wrote for the people. The fusion of religion and life found its best expression in such works as Syed Sultan's "Jivan (Gyan) Prodip" and "Tanu Sadhan"; the "Musar Sowal" of Kavi Narayanna; Mohammad Ali's "Murshider Baramasa" ; Mohammed Khan's "Iman Churi" and "Muqtal Husain"; Daulat Qazi and Allawal's "Lata Moyenbati", "Lore Chandrabati", "Padmabati", "Ragnama", "Talnama", "Shritti Pattan" and "Dhan-

mala." In the eighteenth century, under the Nawabs of Bengal, literature did not cease to flourish. The court was faithful to its glorious tradition. Christian missionaries and Portugese preachers had then issued elementary books on Christianity and on Bengali grammar. The first glimpses of prose works are to be seen in this period. A Muslim poet also, Hayat Mahmood, rose to some fame during this period. The love theme of Prince Sundar and Princess Vidya, in the eighteenth century had great fascination for a number of major poets of the eighteenth century. Varat Chandra and Ramprosad are the two important names of the many gifted poets who chose the same theme to write verses on.

Modern times brought with them the press and journals. Poetry boldly stepped out of the simple formalism of the musical song and took a more complicated and elaborate rhyme pattern that could be appreciated fully when read from the written page. Journals gave scope to such out-standing writers as Iswar Chandra Gupta. Foreign rule also fascinated the youth of Bengal with its vast store of foreign literature. Prose came to occupy the bulk of the current literary production. Vidya Sagar and Akhoy Kumar, are great prose writers of this period. Contact with foreign literature helped the growth of the literature of fiction, the essay and the drama.

Apart from literature British domination was of a far greater significance to the country. To be more precise it upset the entire social structure of Muslim society in Bengal.

The defeat at Plassey darkened the future of the Muslims most ominously. The subsequent famine completed the ruin. The rural cultural institutions died out for want of financial support. Mosque teachers and schools disappeared gradually. The entire edifice of our society crumbled away. On the debris was built the new Bengal of the nineteenth century. The people who till recently had ruled themselves, refused to be ruled by a foreign power. The Wahabi movement, though inspired by orthodox religious idealism, ultimately transformed itself into a sanguinary anti-British struggle for freedom. This wrath against the foreign rule went on accumulating fury till it culminated in the struggle for independence in 1857.

The consequences were obivious. The Muslims lost the favour of the ruling power; lost their prosperous economic and social background ; lost the cultural foot-hold that nourished their art and literature. They cast aside the foreign tongue of the court but were not able to revive their links with Persian or Arabic. They clung desparately to what

was lost and did not care to adapt themselves to the new situation. The crumbling economic foundation, coupled with futile pride in the past and uncompromising hatred of the present, took the Mussalmans further and further away from the cultural activities growing all around them. The Bengali language itself became a forsaken language for the Mussalmans. Calcutta became the capital of Bengal with the rising Hindu generation working in alliance with the existing Government. Naturally in place of Murshidabad, Calcutta now became the centure of culture in Bengal.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century the spirit of Hindu Revivalism started finding profuse expression in the literature of the times. The various Rajahs greatly advanced this cause by patronage, encouragement and help. From Vidya Sagar to Bankim Chandra Chatterji the current flowed on. Raja Ram Mohan Roy with his remarkable understanding of the historical force at work, taught the people to adopt a more realistic outlook. Out of the perfect fusion of Hindu cultural tradition and liberal modernism he made this young Bengal stand on more solid grounds. With the contributions of Vidya Sagar, Akhoy Kumar Datta, Raja Ram Mohan Roy and Bankim Chandra in prose, and Iswar Gupta and Michael in poetry, Bengali Literature blossomed out as another great literature comparable to that of classical Sanskrit.

Though Muslims in the nineteenth century remained in the background they were still pulsating with the creative urge. Spurned by the court and the capital alike they lived away from Calcutta but nearer to the people's heart. Steeped in folk traditions their poetry had no pretensions to refinement. Full of the memory of the legends of Islam and local mythologies their poetry had a simple but moving quality. Their tales recalled themes from Persian, Arabic and Sanskrit holy books. Far from the madding crowd, on the remote sea-washed Chittagong or at Mymensingh of the golden crops, they went on writing for the people. 'Puthi' was still their most covetable form of written poetry. Elegance did not stifle their vocabulary. Dialect nourished their modes of expression. From the public platform they used to improvise poetry for days together and compete with rival poets. Nature's beauty and the daily emotions of the common people were the endless source of grace and glory of Bhatiali and Zari songs. Philosophy, naive yet profound, vitalized the Marfati, the Murshidi and the Boul songs. In all these forms the Muslim poets of the rural areas excelled, with perfect grace and simplicity. The names of Syed Hamza, Mohammed Raza, Abdul Majid, Darvesh Ali, Shaikh Modan are unfortunately not yet widey known.

From 1857 to the early decades of nineteenth century is the golden age of modern Bengali literature. The stage, press, modern educational institutions and libraries all contributed to this glorious era of literary geniuses. Keeping in view the limitation of space of this sketchy article it is wiser to resist all temptation to evaluate their literary worth author by author. Moreover, such names as Sarat Chandra, the great novelist of social problems or the poets Tagore and Nazrul Islam are too familiar to need any introduction here.

The advent of a genius in the literary world often completely overshadows the minor talent of its own time. Little known to fame are the great contemporaries of Shakespeare for the only reason that they were unfortunately born in the same age with Shakespeare. It was natural that the towering genius whose contribution alone gave Bengali Literature a world-status cast an enchantment over the whole range of contemporary poets. The perfection of form and content in Tagore's short stories, essays, dramas, poems, even paintings, allured all into worshipping him. His influence was pernicious in the sense that the majority became slaves to the Tagoric cult, instead of absorbing it for creative purpose. Individuality of inspiration and emotion tended to be stifled by mere imitations of a set Tagoric pattern.

Nazrul Islam

Nazrul Islam was a powerful original genius who was capable of resisting and remoulding even the relentless currents of history. He did not consciously set himself against the Tagoric tradition but with effortless ease gave birth to a new cult himself. Kai-ko-bad, the first of the notable minds who heralded the revival of Islamic inspiration in modern Bengali literature, only utilized the history of Islam as narrative material. But Nazrul drew inspiration from it; recast it within the furnace of his mind; rejuvenated it with the new spirit of the age. The cloying sweetness of the Tagoric tradition, its pre-possession with the flimsy ideals of abstract beauty, its insistence on the lov liness of words alone were given a new dimension in the poetry of Nazrul Islam. Words and allusions from Persian and Arabic came to associate as freely in his verse as they had done before. The fiery spirit of revolt and indignation against inequality and injustice was never before wedded to such perfection of 'fearful symmetry' of word and emotion.

Henceforth social consciousness and realism had become the cheif goal of all writers. Subsequently poetry and fiction became agressively realistic, polemical, and unconventional in form. Drama and poetry decayed. But in prose works, in the domain of

the short story and the novel, our latest literary creations can stand on equal terms with those of any other country.

As is natural the picture of Muslim society and thought is little reflected in these works. For social, political and economic reasons the Muslims were pulled back by a number of handicaps. Except Nazrul Islam no single genius of equal calibre rose from Muslim society to illumine the place of the Muslims in Bengali literature. Even Sarat Chandra felt the need badly and grieved to confess that being one of an alien community he had little power to depict faithfully the life and feelings of the Muslims of his country. A more tragic fact was that the very consciousness of this want came rather late even amongst the Muslims. On the cultural world the awakening flashed from one end of the sub-continent to the other, as men like Sayyed Ahmed Khan rose with determination to rejuvenate the drowsy millions. What Raja Ram Mohan Roy did for the Hindus, Sayyed Ahmed Khan did for the Muslims.

On 4th September, 1911, Bangya Muslim Shaitya Samity (Bengali Muslim Literary Society) was established in Bengal. Its constitution clearly lays down its aims—Muslim society must be roused once again to take active interest in Bengali literature; historical and religious works in Arabic, Persian and Urdu must be brought nearer the heart of the common people through the medium of the mother tongue; works of ancient Muslim poets of Bengal must immediately be collected, compiled and published. The other six aims followed these main principles. They were the expressions of the awakened consciousness of the Young Muslim Bengal. They were at once a confession and a resolution. The Muslims of Bengal had foolishly neglected their own mother tongue for long and thereby had impoverished their own tremendous possibilities. In their own home they became intruders. Hence came the ardour for atonement. It was with this determination and zeal that the early modern Muslim writers ventured to write about their own homes, society, religion and feelings. Kaikobad's poetical works, Mir Musharruf Hussain's 'Bishad Sindhu', Mualana Akram Khan's 'Mustafa Charit' all heralded this new spirit. Some even attempted novels and short stories. The lash of the ruthless Satires of Abul Monsoor have not yet lost their original sting. The sterling quality of all these works is their truthfulness and sincerity. They were pioneers who strove to speak about the feelings, thoughts, problems and life of the Muslims. Intrinsically their value may not be very great, but potentially and historically their influence on the subsequent age is of a major significance. They broke the ice. Untrodden avenues were opened; new rays glimmered all around.

Today journals edited, contributed and run by Muslims are not very few in number. Poets, short-stoiy writers, novelists, essayists of varied shades of talent daily flash across our eyes. The hour is struck. It is the beginning. Maturing season will bring inevitable glory.

Independence and after

Independence has given rise to new problems as also new hopes. The whole nation is humming with confident activity. The young writers no longer grope in darkness. They stand on traditions of solid rock. East Bengal's folk culture is of unending richness. The roots must be sown deep down there. The language of the people in a natural process of development will also nourish the language of literature. A living active nation and a seasoned folk culture will not fail to give rise to a literature of enduring worth. The very young are already scrawling their signature on the ever-green heart of East Bengal. Syed Walliullah's latest novel 'Lal Shaloo' is a striking tale of a Noakhali Maulvi Saheb. The note of social criticism underneath flows with the ardour of a religious preacher. Abul Kalam Shamsuddin's 'Shahr Banu' is a bunch of ripe stories of the simple peasants of Barisal. Shaukat Osman's grasp on life, his mature style and depth of awareness has already brought him permanent fame. Munir Chaudhury and quite a few other young litterateurs show great promise and the time is not distant when they will raise our literature to great heights. Jasimuddin, the Burns of Bengal has already achieved some amount of international reputation.

Furrukh Ahmed, yound and passionate, sensuous and yet religious, is one of our outstanding modern poets. The ease and grace with which he moulds his language culling phrases from local dialect of ancient oriental origin, reveal the real strength of the artist. Abul Hussain, Ghulam Quddus, Ahsan Habib, Ghulam Mustafa, Sakhawat Hussain, Ali Ahsan are only a few of the more familiar poets.

Tagore once said that Bengal's culture grew around Calcutta mainly becasue it was also the industrial centre. To-day Dacca is the capital. Around it are flung the sixteen other districts rich in natural resources, flowing rivers and green fields. The men living there have their hearts entwined in a rich culture centuries old. From their loins have sprung our young writers; the same blood, the same earth had bred, made and nourished them. The literature of East Bengal can never die. It will take its own individual course, cut rocks through and finally matuie into a glorious people's art.

The Rise of Urdu Language and Literature

AHMED ALI

The first Muslim traders and settlers came to the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent as early as 637 A.D. and Sind was conquered in 711 by Muhammad Ibne Qasim. In the train of the conquerors came soldiers, divines, and scholars from all parts of the Muslim world. After the invasion and conquest of the Northern areas of the sub-continent by Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna between 1000 and 1026 A.D., large numbers of Persian speaking Muslims settled in the country, and their numbers increased after a systematic conquest of the Northern plains of the sub-continent by Mohammad Ghori in the 12th century. Between 1191 and 1199 Delhi, the Indo-Gangetic plain, Bihar and Bengal, were conquered and added to Mohammad Ghori's empire by his viceroy Qutbuddin Aibak, later king in his own right (1206-1210). The influence of the Muslims increased under the Slave dynasty (1206-1290). With the Khiljis practically the whole of the sub-continent (including the South) came under Muslim rule, and Persian, the language of the court, spread throughout the country.

The greater part of the sub-continent remained under Muslim rule till 1857, although after Aurangzeb's death in 1707, many states and principalities had become independent or remained a part of the empire nominally.

The necessity of communicating with the inhabitants of Hind, as Aryavart was called by the Arabs, gave rise to the first faint beginnings of a new language consisting of Persian, Arabic, Turki, and the various dialects spoken in the sub-continent, known as prakrits[1].

1. Prakrit literally means 'natural', or 'vulgar' in the Latin sense, and was the language of the common people. Sanskrit, on the other hand, means 'refined,' and was the language of the Aryan conquerors. Women generally spoke prakrit. In Kalidas' Shakuntala for instance, the King talks in Sanskrit and the women in prakrit.

Prakrit was the language of the common people of the sub-continent as opposed to Sanskrit which was only spoken by the Brahamins and the kings—the Aryan settlers. These dialects, or prakrits, were innumerable, and a new vernacular was spoken in each large district or province of Hindustan[2], Sauraseni in and around Delhi, Brij Bhasha in and around Muthra and Agra, Kanauji, Bangaru, Bundeli, Poorabei, etc. In Sind they spoke Sindhi which became Arabised very ealry under the influence of the Arab traders, settlers, and conquerors, and is the most Arabised of all the Indian languages today. In the Punjab was spoken another prakrit called Punjabi with various sub-divisions of the parent dialect, and was the first to become Persianised. Though these vernaculars had some common traits, their grammar and syntax were not the same ; and many of them were fluid and unformed; nor did they possess any literature other than folk poetry, the literary language being Sanskrit. The Muslims referred to these prakrits popularly as Bhakas or Bhashas; and it was only under their patronage and with the rise of the new language, Urdu (the camp language) that poetry and prose developed. It should be noted that the two main provinces of Pakistan, Sind, and Punjab, were the first to receive the influences of Islamic languages which led eventually to the formation of Urdu.

Since the Muslims made Delhi their capital, its environs, including Agra, became the most important centres; and Sauraseni and Brij Bhasha became the basis for the new language. Sauraseni became the main base of Urdu, and supplied it the grammar, syntax and the largest part of its vocabulary. These two dialects had most characteristics in common; but Brij Bhasha was sweeter and more musical and had a tradition of folk poetry of an amorous and devotional kind, and in certain districts lying between Delhi and Muthra the two merged into one language.

The other prakrits supplied innumerable words, for the Muslim sufis and divines, as well as soldiers and administrators had gone to all parts of the country. As Delhi was the seat of this Empire it also became the centre of religious thought. And all those who went out on various missions brought back new words with them and added them to the new language that was being formed gradually as early as the 11th and 12th centuries. The 13th century was the real formative ground; and the 14th century saw the completion and development of Urdu. A similar movement can be traced in England in connection with

2. The word Hindustan is Persian by orign, and means literally the 'country of the Hindus or Hindos'. It connotes the country between the Punjab on the west, Bengal on the east, the Himalyas on the north and the Vindhyas on the south. The people of India had called their country Bharat Varsh or Arya-vart. India and perhaps Hind, are derived from the Greek Indica.

the formation of the English language.

The contribution of the religious men to this language is great. They were more concerned with the common people, and by their selflessness and virtue won their devotion and respect.

Islam said that God and His attributes were inseparable, and preached equality of human beings. For did not God breathe into man His spirit?[3] Did He not create him from the same clay and moulded him into shape?[4] And had He not created them of different shapes and following different faiths?[5] And the doctrines of the mystics did not recognise petty differences of caste, colour and creed, for they had brought about a complete harmony between the world of perception and the inner experience of Light. The sufis were revolutionaries and did not care for ritual and emphasized the inner meaning alone. "For according to the great mystics", says that sufi prince, Dara Shikoh, "tasawwuf is equity and tasawwuf is the abandonment of (religious) obligations".[6]

In the attainment of their ideals the dervishes and divines learnt the prakrits and dialects spoken in the different parts of the country, and helped in the formation of the lingua franca. Most of them had come from Iran and other Muslim countries, and could not help interspersing the Bhasha with Persian and Arabic words. The great twelfth century saint of the Chishtiya order, Khwaja Moinuddin Hasan Ajmeri (circa 1143-1237) spoke the indigenous dialect and his successor's successor, Shaikh Fariduddin Masud Ganjshakar (circa 1210-1268) wrote poems both in Punjabi, the language of the province where he lived, and the language spoken in Delhi and understood in other parts of the sub-continent. His dialect is a mixture of Bhasha and Persian and Arabic words.[7]

Nizamuddin Aulia of Delhi, the fourth saint of the Chishtiya order in the sub-continent, helped in popularising this language. Among his disciples were princes, noblemen, administrators, poets, musicians, fakirs and divines. To him came Hindus and Muslims from all over the sub-continent, among them a Rajkumar, Har Deo of Deogiri who is reported to have left an account of him and his times, from about 1297 to 1325, in Persian entitled "Chahal Roza" (account of forty days), a manuscript copy of which is preserved in the Bharatpur State Library. Although most of them spoke Persain, there were many who could not speak any language other than the indigenous one; and his poet disciples

3. The Quran : xv, 29. 4. Ibid, xv, 26. 5. Ibid, x, 99-100. 6. Majmaul Bahrain, ed. by Mahfuzul Haq, p. 38 Eng. translation ed. 1929. 7. See Moulvi Abdul Haq's "The Sufis work in the early development of the Urdu language", Urdu Edition pp. 6-7, ed 1933; also the poems quoted by him on pp. 11-13.

helped the cause of Indo-Muslim culture and Amir Khusro made great contributions to poetry and music of the sub-continent. From its seat in Delhi the language went as far as the Deccan in the train of the administrators and soldiers sent by Alauddin Khilji, and the fakirs and the dervishes of the Chishtiya order.

The dervishes and religious men preached in 'Indian' and wrote poems and tracts both in Persian and 'Indian.' The use of Persian, the court language, continued undisturbed for centuries for Persian was the lingua franca of the Muslim world, as French was of Europe and English is today. But a language of the camp, the bazaar and the home was being evolved and it became the lingua franca of the sub-continent.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Muslim mystics and dervishes had spread to far off districts like Ahmedabad, Gujerat, Jaunpur and were constantly using this new language. An account of them is given by Dr. Abdul Haq in his short but compact book, "The Sufis work in the early development of Urdu language." The earliest prose work that has come to light is the sufistic work of Syed Mohammad Ibn Yusuf Alhasni of Delhi, popularly known as *Gesoodaraz* and *Banda-nawaz* (the one with long locks of hair and the befriender of men). He died in the Deccan about 1424, but his famous sufistic work *Merajul Asheqin* is dated 906 Hijra or 1403 A.D. These, and other works of this age, prove that the language which we now call Urdu, had become the lingua franca of India as far back as the 14th Century A.D.

The first poet of repute to write in Urdu was Amir Khusro of Delhi (1253-1325), a few of whose poems have been preserved. Other Muslim poets had written before him in the Bhasha which had contained only folk poetry before the Muslims took to writing in it. Masud Sa'd Salman (11th century) and Abu Abdullah Alankati, two Persian poets born and brought up in India, had compiled their poems in a language which had more of the Bhasha in it, and few foreign words. For this reason it cannot be considered Urdu. But they have been lost and are no longer extant. Following their example Chand Kavi, a grandee and poet of Prithviraj's court (latter half of the 12th century) wrote his long poem Chand Raisa which has been enlarged constantly by reciters, like the Homeric poems.

Amir Khusro was a contemporary of Dante and is not only one of the great Persian poets, but was a renowned musician, scholar, historian, mystic, a courtier of Sultan Alauddin Khilji, and a devoted disciple of Nizamuddin Aulia. He evolved new dances by combining the Persian and indigenous traditions; invented the popular musical instrument, the *sitar*, and composed the *qawwali* mode for the expression of mystical senti-

ments and *Bahar* and *Basant* tunes for classical themes, which are still sung in the sub-continent. He was also the inventor of a number of literary forms and styles of writing riddles.

His memory is still alive today; and at his shrine in Nizamuddin at Delhi mystical poems are sung on his anniversary, and many of them are his own Persian and Urdu *ghazals* and songs. One of his *ghazals* that has come down to us is written in Persian and Urdu, one line in one language the next in the other, and achieves an extraordinary grace and charm.

Forget me not, the sorrowful,
Talk to me with your eyes; dear heart,
I cannot bear the parting's grief,
Come and take me to your heart.
As tresses, long the night of parting,
The day of love is short as life;
O friend, if I see not my love,
How shall I spend dark nights of grief?
Two magic eyes with hundred charms
Have put my poor heart's rest to flights:
Now who would care to go and tell
Dear love my sad and lonely plight.
As a candle lit, as an atom struck,
Banished, alas! from that moon's grace:
No sleep in my eyes, no rest in my heart,
He sends no news, nor shows his face.
For truth, on the day of love, Khusro,
The loved one tricked me and went away;
If I could find him, I with love,
Will keep him in my heart always.

The 'Urdu-Persian' form became so popular that many poets and mystics employed it to express their sentiments. The contribution of the sufis and divines, then, to Urdu poetry is great; and throughout the centuries some of the best and important poets have been mystics and religious men. A number of Amir Khusro's contemporaries were poets of repute like Sheikh Nasiruddin Mahmud of Delhi, Khwaja Hasan Sanjari and later

Shah Sharfuddin Yahya Maneri and other upto Khwaja Mir Dard (18th century).

As a result of the great popularity and influence of Islam, the fourteenth century saw the rise of religious reformers like Ramanand and Kabir Das; and later, mystics like the passionate poetess Mira Bai, Sur Das and the leader of the Sikhs, Nanak Shah (1469-1539), who used innumerable Persian and Arabic words in his book known as the Guru Granth.

The most remarkable product of this fusion was Kabir Das. He was the son of a Muslim weaver, and in search of a teacher had become the disciple of Ramanand, the Hindu preacher; but being dissatisfied with the asceticism of Hindu Yoga had come back to the faith of his parents. But he had followers among both Hindus and Muslims; and at his death his body was claimed by the adherents of both religions. Kabir was an illiterate villager, but he often used Persian and Arabic words in his poems. Some *ghazals* have also been attributed to him, the language of which is more Persianized and is in keeping with the Urdu that had developed by his time. One cannot say with certainty that they are his own work, but even if they are not they go back to the fifteenth century, and contain the same ideas that Kabir had been preaching, and the last lines contain his name:

I live in a state of frenzied love,
I've no concern with consciousness;
Or in the world, or free from it.
I feel for the world no friendliness.
Those who have lost their love may search
And roam in vain from door to door;
What need have I to wait? My love
Within my heart lives evermore.
The world calls Him by many names
And beats its head in vain, in vain;
But my own Guru's name is true,
What care I for the world's domain?
I do not part from love awhile,
The loved one does not part from me.
For I love Him and Him alone,
Wherefore should I impatient be?

Kabira, in the way of love
Discard thou all duality:
When thou wouldst walk this slender path
No burden then should heavy be.

The mixture of languages gained further impetus when Sikandar Lodi (1489-1517) popularized Persian by demanding a higher educational standard from the candidates for the civil services.

Under the Mughals (1526-1857) the language rose to a higher literary standard. Within four years of his arrival in India Babur (1526-1530) had learnt this language, and an Urdu verse of his has been included in the collection of his Persian poems. The language by now had come to be established, and its rise and development were consistent and continuous.

Akbar, following Alauddin Khilji, (1556-1605) sought to bring about a deeper and permanent relationship between the various racial and religious groups of his Empire, and stimulated a mingling of cultures. There was the Urdu, or the camp bazar for the soldiers and the men, where too the same linguistic conditions prevailed. The new language henceforth came to be called by the Turki word Urdu. Akbar, like his father and grandfather, was a great lover of art and poetry, and at his court innumerable poets found appreciation and patronage.

Jehangir (1605-1627) walked in his father's footsteps, encouraging the Mughal and Rajput schools of painting. He was a lover of poetry and a writer of note himself. The mingling of cultures continued and yielded glorious fruits. He had not forgotten his father's advice: "Ill should I discharge the duties of my exalted station," Akbar had told him, "were I to withhold my compassion and indulgence from any of these entrusted to my charge." And himself resolved as he relates in his Memoirs: "Neither would I neglect, so far as compliance rests within my power, to fulfil the just expectations of any man, without distinction of infidel or true believer. This age-stricken ruin of a world has survived hundreds of thousands such as I am; what then can be more desirable than to do something in the fleeting present, of the merit of which we may avail ourselves in an eternal hereafter?"

Shah J han (1627-1658) was brought up entirely in this atmosphere and tradition. When he built the Red Fort and the new Delhi, Shahjahanabad, he raised the status of the language by calling it *Urdu-e-Moalla*, high Urdu. The refined language spoken by the

ladies of the palace came to be known as *rekhti*, the feminine form of *rekhta*, broken or minced pieces. The court language was still Persian; but the language of the people and the women was henceforth Urdu.

Under Aurangzeb (1658-1707) the sub-continent became one political unit. But towards the end of his reign regionalism appeared and eventually led to the weakening of the power of the Mughals. During his reign Urdu gained further stimulus, and Persian lost its importance and assumed a secondary position in the life of the nation. One of the important poets of his reign was Mir Jafar Ali Zatal who has left a considerable body of work in Urdu. Aurangzeb's own daughter, Zebun-Nisa, was a poetess of repute. She wrote both in Persian and Urdu. And though her Urdu works have been lost, Garcin de Tasse, the French critic and historian of Urdu, who visited the sub-continent in the middle of the last century, mentions in his History of Urdu Literature that he had read her Urdu poems.

The women had a great deal to do with the sudden popularity of Urdu at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century. The author of " Karbal Katha " (the story of Kerbala), Nawab Fazle Ali Khan Fazli, writes in the preface to his book which was finished in 1736, how when he used to read out the story of Kerbala written in Persian the women could not understand its meaning, and those tragic sentences could not make them cry on account of the preponderance of Persian words. Often, when the reading was over, they used to say: "Alas! what a pity it is that we unfortunate women do not understand Persian, and are deprived of the virtues of weeping. We wish there were some wise sage who could make us understand and also make us, the ignorant ones, cry." This led him to translate the book into Urdu which, though not by any means the first prose work, throws a great deal of light on the relative position of Urdu and its importance in the life of the nation. But for the women and their ignorance of Persian it would have been difficult to account for the sudden rise of Urdu poetry in Delhi in the early years of the 18th century, although it had reached a great height in the Deccan at least a century and a half before. As a result Persian became a classical and secondary language and Urdu rose to great heights of poetry and perfection.

While Urdu had been maturing in the zenanas and the bazars of Delhi in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it was being nourished and used for literary expression in the South under the Bahmani Kingdom (1347-1526), and its successors, the kings of Berar, Bidar, Ahmednagar, Golconda and Bijapur, as well as the kingdom of Gujrat

which had become a Muslim province as early as 1297 A.D. The Muslim rulers of these places and the soldiers, administrators, scholars and dervishes who had come in their train from Delhi and its environs, had brought Urdu with them. This language, however, imbibed a few words from the Southern languages. And the first school of Urdu poetry as such made its appearance in the first decade of the 16th century and flourished in the Deccan until the rise of the Delhi school in the first decade of the 18th century.

Gujrat was the first southern state to encourage Urdu although it was then Gujrati, as it was called Hindi in North India, and Deccani in the Deccan, although they are one and the same language. As early as the fifteenth century Urdu was commonly used in Gujrat. In the sixteenth century Bijapur became independent under the Adil Shahi Kings. Under their rule Urdu flourished and produced a number of important poets. Under the Qutub Shahi kings of Golconda a vast literature was produced, and some of the kings themselves contributed a great wealth to p etry. When Vali visited Delhi in the early years of the 18th century, Urdu had already become the language of poetry in the city where it had taken its birth.

The early specimens and works of Urdu are religious in nature, or are long tales in verse. The style often lacks perfection and grace, and the images and similies are simple and, under the influence of folk poetry, display a certain naivety, and nearness to nature and common surroundings. With the seventeenth century, however, Persian influences become more active; and when they took to writing in Urdu poetry came in Delhi of age and the classical age that began with the beginning of the 18th century lasted until the first two decades of the present.

When Vali (1668-1744) came to Delhi in 1722, the third year of Muhammad Shah's reign, Urdu had almost assumed its modern form and character. His poems are said to have taken the city by storm. When he returned to the Deccan he used chaster language than he had done before visiting Delhi.

From the early years of the eighteenth century and with important poets like Sirajuddin Khan Arzoo, Shah Mubarak Abroo, Sharfuddin Mazmoon, Mohammad Shakir Naji, Mustafa Quli Khan Yakrang, Mohammad Hussain Kalim, Zahuruddin Hatim, Janejanan Mazhar and many others, some of them great masters, Delhi became the centre of Urdu. Within fifty years, the first half of the 18th century, Delhi took Urdu poetry to far greater heights than it had achieved in the Deccan; and with Mir Dard, Sauda and Insha, it began to rival the best poetry of Persian.

During the period of Delhi's decline in the middle of the 18th century many of the Delhi poets migrated to Lucknow, and communicated the wealth of Urdu to that city which came to form a school of its own. The Delhi school was characterized by the best traditions of Persian poetry; but Lucknow added artificiality and decadence of conception and vocabulary.

Thus Urdu poetry became Persianized in atmosphere and inspiration, acquiring its amorous grace and mystical subtlety as well as its conventions both virile and decadent. With the present century other influences, mainly European, have tended to assert themselves, and hundreds of words from the European languages have been absorbed into Urdu. The progress of Urdu language and literature lately has been phenomenal and it is now the language of this sub-continent.

V

ARTS

Folk Dances of Pakistan

LALA RUKH

It was not very long ago that folk dance was discovered by the choreographers and dance critics of the world. With the discovery, this phenomenon no longer remained the monopoly of the anthropologist. It had been of interest and concern to the scientific explorer as to *why* the hill tribes of a certain region in South-East Asia got together and began shuffling about, stamping their feet to the accompaniment of their drums. Now the dance academies began to notice as to *how* they shuffled and stamped their feet and as to what was the time-pattern of their drum. These and many more aspects of the folk dance, its relation to the cycle of seasons, its music and its choreography, were soon spotlighted and thus began the new movement of popularizing folk culture. The folk dance was brought forth on the world stage and was recognized as a definite art-form.

No other country in the world possesses a greater and more colourful variety of folk dances than the sub-continent of Pakistan, India, and Ceylon. With innumerable races and cultures each with their own colourful history and tradition, their dances present an amazing medley of music, rhythm and folk lore.

Most of these folk styles, like the *Manipuri* of Assam, the *Garba* of Gujrat, or the *Santhal* dance of East Pakistan, have been incorporated into stylized and finished ballets and today no dance programme is complete where a few folk items are not included besides classical numbers. These rural dances have come to the town from remote villages, are danced by school girls and university women, are presented on the cinema screen and displayed before international gatherings. The folk style has particularly influenced the dance-art of East Bengal.

Who are the originals, whose simple art has captured the imagination of audiences everywhere. The basic quality of folk dance the world over is its vigorous rhythm and

abandon the expression of sheer earthly joy and the zest for life. The only reason why, for instance, the peasants of West Pakistan dance, is that the moon is high, the harvest has been good, or the neighbour's daughter is getting married, or that there is no reason at all. They simply have to dance because they feel like it at the moment. West Pakistan has seen innumerable phases of history. The historian is interested in the fact that these regions went through some very colourful and dramatic epochs of Asian history. It is like a Chinese kaleidescope, which when turned round reveals the successive images of a very dramatic quality — the Rigvedic Aryans, Scythians, Parthians, Greeks, Arabs, Afghans, Mongols, — their faces peep out of the kaleidoscope and one wonders as to what these almost mythical people must have been like. But the sociologist notices that history lends a mist of romance to facts which are not at all mythical. These peoples intermingled in the mainstream of humanity enriching the existing cultures, some left their faint traces on the scene and vanished. They have maintained their traditions, their racial characters and qualities. You still find people with Greek features, or Tartar costumes, or speaking all kinds of obscure dialects inhabiting the mountains, valleys and deserts of West Pakistan. The choreographer looking for novel dance-forms surprisingly discovers, that these simple people are born dancers — the Pathan rifle-man of Khyber, the pretty blue-eyed Kafir girl from the snow-covered alpine-lands in the far north, the cotton-pickers of the Indus Valley, the Baluchi camel driver, they all dance and sing and have been dancing and singing down the centuries.

These dances vary from place to place and different seasons have special dances. Some of these like the *Khatak* or *Luddi, Rawun* are danced all the year round. On any pleasant day in spring, on any night of the full moon, the deep and resounding vibration of drums rises out of a cluster of huts, the village lanes echo with some familiar, haunting tune for girls behind the haystacks are dancing Luddi. A group of girls are sitting on the cot in the shade, playing on 'Dholak', singing. The rest have joined the circle and have begun to dance. This occupies a very special place in their evening's entertainment. The Punjab has a rich storehouse of folk lore and music. With this dance they sing some simple nostalgic down-to-earth ballad which reflects their joys and sorrows hopes and aspirations, their own little tragedies and romances. The movement of the dance is not complicated and is full of vigour and strength. Girls move around in a circle stamping their feet and clapping their hands rhythmically. Dancing in a circle is the basic formation of most folk dances of the sub-continent like the *Garba*, the *Jhoomer* and numerous other rural styles.

Jhoomer or Ghoomer (which literally means spinning round at top speed), is danced by the women of Multan, Muzzaffergarh and Bahawalpur areas in West Pakistan. It is a dance of sheer romance. It begins with a circle, various patterns are formed, broken up, intermingled, in rhythmic succession. Its movements are very lyrical and restful unlike *Luddi* which is vigorous and full of vitality. Unhurried and leisurely steps are taken by the graceful dancers who wear flowing skirts made of yards and yards of richly coloured cotton or silk.

Jhoomer, as danced by men is quite different from its feminine counterpart. It is danced on dark nights by the light of big flickering torches. The drummer stands in the middle and the dancers begin their circular motion at a great speed, singing in chorus. The dance is carried to a terrific pitch with much stamping of feet, clenching of fists and waving of arms. It is truly representative of the spirit of the sturdy peasantry of Jhelum district. Jhoomer is also the favourite dance of Baluchis.

Sammie is another romantic dance popular with the women of Jhang district, where Heer and Ranjha loved and sang centuries past. The people of this district are noted for their good looks and for their flare for things romantic. *Sammie*, the dance of moonlight, depicts the atmosphere of this region. Its origin is also linked with a legend. It is said that the lovely Princes Sammie fell in love with the handsome Prince Dhola, who (as all princes seemed to be doing in those days) was passing under her palace balcony on his white steed. He too fell very much in love with her and promised to come again. But men being what they are, he never returned and the poor princes pined for him, singing mournful songs.

Sammie perhaps because of its origin in tragedy is danced without music and produces an effect of romantic sadness. It is as a rule accompanied by nostalgic songs remembering husbands or fiances who have gone on long journey or unfaithful lovers who have betrayed their love. This is also danced in a circle.

Kikli is yet another moonlight dance of this region. This is very lively in its execution and is usually danced by teenage girls. The partners stand facing each other with their arms crossed, their fingers interlocked, and the toes of their feet touching one another. Then they stretch themselves bending backwards and start whirling around in full swing. The pet theme of the songs accompanying this dance is that of satirizing the mother-in-law. This is danced and sung in an atmosphere of great frivolity and cheerfulness.

Bhangra is a well-known dance of the men of Wazirabad, Gujrat and Jhelum

districts. It is usually danced in April which is the beginning of the harvest season. The drummer beats the drum on the village green announcing the harvest celebrations. Soon the menfolk of the village flock around him and begin dancing spontaneously. They sing the favourite 'Dhola' songs as they dance with great gusto and abandon. It is a kind of rural Rock-'N'-Roll and is extremely popular all over the countryside.

Gidda is danced by a group of girls who snap their fingers and clap their hands alternately and clap on the hand of their partner. This is a characteristic movement of the Gujrati Garba also.

Khatak perhaps is the most famous dance of West Pakistan. The colourful spectacle of dancing Pathans has recently drawn the attention of people everywhere in the world. Innumerable books have been written about these people from the days of Kipling down to the present times and today we find a surprisingly large number of foreign explorers who seem to be for ever collecting material for their latest book on the Pathans. The Pathans are a very ancient race. They are mentioned in the Rigveda which was composed about 3,500 years ago, and they have been discussed by the comparatively modern Greek historian Herodotus who lived in the 5th Century B.C. According to some legends they are also supposed to be one of the lost tribes of Israel. Whatever their origin may be, they are a picturesque people with their extraordinary qualities of courage, determination and simplicity. In the outside world, people who have been brought up on Kipling and popular travelogues about the East, the Pathans are wild, ferocious warriors lurking behind the treacherous mountains of the North-West, dangerous bandits who kill people and ravage territories. Few people know that these chivalrous highlanders have produced some great poets, have composed lovely music and make elegant and graceful dancers. Their famous dance *Khatak* is essentially a dance of the mountains and wide open spaces. It is danced with great fanfare during tribal festivities and in the good old days of romance and chivalry it was danced before going to the battlefield.

There is nothing soft or sloppy about this dance. Its movements embody the spirit of hardihood, and resistance inherent in the Pathan people. They can dance at full speed for hours and are not tired.

Among the Pathans only those clans who wear bobbed hair, dance the *Khatak* Their hair is parted in the middle and arranged neatly with a wooden comb. They wear embroidered waistcoats, baggy trousers, and tie coloured silk handkerchiefs on their wrist while dancing. Each clan has its own special variety of *Khatak*. The main dance

consists of numerous variations. The dancers advance in two columns and begin circling round the group of drummers and the pipers who provide a very thrilling music. The dancers form a number of patterns, sometimes breaking forth in solos and duets, their swift and gliding movements have interludes of exquisite swordplay and all this is executed with perfect sense of rhythm and artistry combined with real grace; the *Khatak* dancers are extremely nimble on their toes and spin and float and whirl round like a group of polished ballet dancers. The drummer and the piper playing highland tunes also joins the dance in full frenzy of rhythm and music as the dance advances towards its climax. The circle grows wider as more and more men join it and the tempo quickens. It is a community dance in the real sense of the term.

Lakhtai is danced by young Pathan lads who also give solo performances. Pathan girls have their own dance known as *Dharees*, which is in fact another variety of Jhoomer.

The Punjabi speaking men of Hazara districts dance striking together a pair of small concave clappers with bells attached to them. These clappers look something like the Spanish castanets. This is an extremely lyrical and graceful dance quite different from *Khatak*. This is also danced in various group formations and the dancers beat time with the bells. While dancing a circular motion, a group starts singing some haunting melody and its refrain is taken up by the next group while the dance continues.

The lower valley of Indus has many dances which are popular with the local people. In most of these dances faint traces of Arab and African influence can also be noticed.

The most well-known folk dance of East Pakistan is *Manipuri* which is now considered one of the four major classical dance forms of the sub-continent, actually has its origin in folk art. As danced in the lush districts of Sylhet and Mymensingh in East Pakistan and in the valley of Manipur in the border province of Assam, it is essentially a folk dance expressing the extraordinary artistic and musical genius of the people of these regions. Pakistan has a rich repertory of dances which represent a fascinating variety of forms and styles. More so, because Pakistan is a curious fact of geography. The north-western and the eastern parts of the sub-continent constitute the two wings of this ten-year-old country. Regional cultures of West Pakistan have closer affinity with Central Asia and the Middle East. The famous *Khatak* dance of the Frontier Province is very much similar to Balkan and Central Asian dances. On the other hand, the eastern part of the country is more or less in south-east Asia. And East Pakistan's *Manipuri* which is one of

the world's most beautiful dances, reminds one of the decor of the dances of Siam and Indonesia. It has the same glittering costumes, fragile and nymph-like movements, and the Mongoloid features of the dances complete the imagery of paddy-fields and pagodas.

Like many other decorative and stylized dances of south-east Asia, *Manipuri* has also been closely associated with religious ritual and has its origin in mythology. But as such, dance art in Pakistan has no religious significance. Though the form is ritualistic, the accent is on its highly developed and difficult technique. In the villages it is still performed as a seasonal dance. It has been a court dance, dignified and stately; danced in the temples it depicts the spirit of divine love and devotion.

The art of dancing in East Pakistan is as ancient as the land and the people themselves. The modes of dance carved on the rocks in the hill-tracts of East Pakistan some three thousand years ago, bear testimony to the fact. Chinese travellers who visited the sub-continent many centuries ago, called this province the " land of dance and music. " The simple, dark-eyed Bengali people, have the same natural gift for music as have the Welsh and the Italians. The land is known as " the nest of singing birds " and from times immemorial it has produced a race of artists, singers and dancers. This is also the land which has an extremely rich tradition of folk art. *Manipuri* as has a ready been pointed out, owes its origin not to an academy or a royal court, but to the peasantry and the ordinary dwellers of hills and dales. Just as folk art of the sub-continent was not discovered till the beginning of the present century, in the same manner *Manipuri* was also unknown to people residing outside the province of Assam and Bengal. It was introduced to the world by Poet Tagore a few decades ago when he discovered it in the valley of Manipur.

The gorgeous scenic splendour of lush green valleys, mighty rivers, and leafy bamboo groves of East Bengal provide a natural backdrop for this dance which has received an academic status and is ranged among the top-grade classical dances of the sub-continent. Based on the mythological story of Radha-Krishna the Divine Love and his Beloved, it portrays an exquisite fantasy of rhythm, poetry, and limpid music. The main theme of *Manipuri* is the *Rasleela*, or the dance of divine Ecstacy. The dominant element of East Bengal's national life is that of music, and that too of a devotional character. In *Manipuri* dance too devotional songs form part of the dance composition. The story of Radha and Krishna in its choreographic form of *Rasleela* is a feast for the eyes. Magnificent costumes, the soft, curving, restful movements, and the haunting music makes this dance sheer poetry in motion.

The dresses of the dancers are extremely picturesque and a mass of glittering colours. The costume consists of three pieces; blouse, skirt, and veil. The skirt usually has stripes (This pattern of stripes is linked up with the Burmese decor as we move further east). A glance of shiny guaze-like material is worn on top of the skirt, around the waist. The entire costume is studded with little pieces of mirror, and the veil worn over a conical cap also shines with a lot of mica. They also wear a two-inch band adorned with mirrors and gold-thread embroidery. The border of the skirt is also decorated with heavy gold and silver work. The women dancers dress up as Radha, Lord Krishna's beloved, and the Gopies, (The devotees of the man-god Krishna). Krishna himself is dressed in blue and his crown is adorned with peacock feathers. His flute, a symbol of divine melody, is also decorated with flowers. The costumes, the movements, and the footwork produce the effect of a whirlpool of flamboyant colours. The *Manipuri* dances like other dances of East Pakistan, are essentially seasonal in nature. The *Rasleela*, the most popular form of these dances is generally divided into three types—

(i) Basant Ras — danced at spring-time under a full moon.

(ii) Kurja Ras — performed during the harvest season of November, and

(iii) Maha Ras — danced during the month of Poos, or December. According to the great Indian dancer Ram Gopal, *Manipuri* is " in essence a relic of nature worship of the early Aryans who probably descended from the Polar regions. There they worshipped the sun in the three stages of its Polar cycle, to which may be traced the origin of the Hindu trinity of Brahma (The creative force of the rising sun) Vishnu, (The preservative aspect of the sun and Shiva, (the barrenness or destructiveness resulting from the long Polar sunset"). As animism still exists in East Pakistan besides Buddhism and Hinduism, the nature worshippers have, through the process of centuries incorporated most of their beliefs in the wider fold of Hindu Pantheon of gods and goddesses. And apart from temple dances the hill people have their own deities of rivers, forests and mountain sides. Actually it is these unknown dancers of the East Pakistani villages who have kept this art alive.

With the advent of Pakistan, a new synthesis is being evolved with its accent on the rivival of folk and classical dancing. Madame Azurie is one of the foremost dancers of *Manipuri* style. Afroza Bulbul widow of the great Bulbul Chowdhry and a dancer of international repute herself has recently composed a dance-drama based on the theme of *Manipuri* dancing.

Some East Pakistan Painters

SYED WALIULLAH

Absence of regionalism is perhaps the outstanding feature of most of the painters of East Pakistan today. Although it is very difficult to say whether the scores of paintings that leave the easel of these artists indicate any particular trend, it can be safely said, however, that they furnish an impressive proof of their productive vigour and their aspirations unequalled in any stage of the artistic development of the region.

Zainul Abedin is undoubtedly the pioneer among the modern artists of East Bengal. He is a powerful artist and possesses an exquisite sense of colour. The main reason of his being able to attract the attention of art critics in the early stages of his development is the breath of fresh air which he infused into the painting of those days which had a marked tendency to be cold and lifeless. For some years he painted with unusual avidity the landscape of East Bengal which seemed to intrigue him beyond measure by its nuances and intrinsic delicacy. The appeal his landscapes made to the sensuous perception was irresistible.

Zainul Abedin's painting suffered an appreciable break after this distinctive phase during which he poured forth famine sketches. He is again back to his water-colour and oil. But always now one notices behind the grandeur and solidity of his composition a sadness; his vision is haunted.

One of his recent water-colours depicts a silent procession of the grieved, sorrowful people wending their way to Quaid-i-Azam's simple grave. The painting is the embodiment of the national tragedy as well as the people's profound love and regard for the Father of the Nation.

The talent of Safiuddin Ahmad, who is junior to Zainul Abedin by only a couple of years, came to be recognized just about the time Zainul Abedin started basking in the



'Luddi' dance of West Pakistan.



Khatak Dance of the North-West Frontier regions of West Pakistan.



'Jhoomar', another folk dance of West Pakistan.

1. *A study in charcoal by Shafiq Ahmad.*
2. *Girl with flowers by Kibria.*
3. *'Snake Charmer' by Anwarul Haq.*
4. *Still-life by Aminul Islam.*
5. *Wood cut by Safiuddin Ahmad.*



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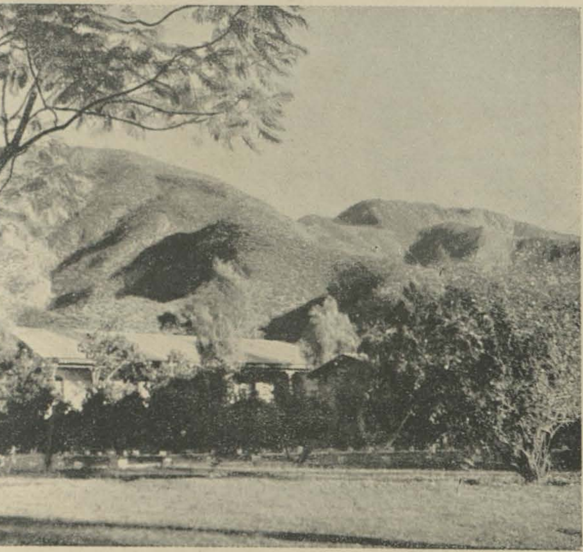
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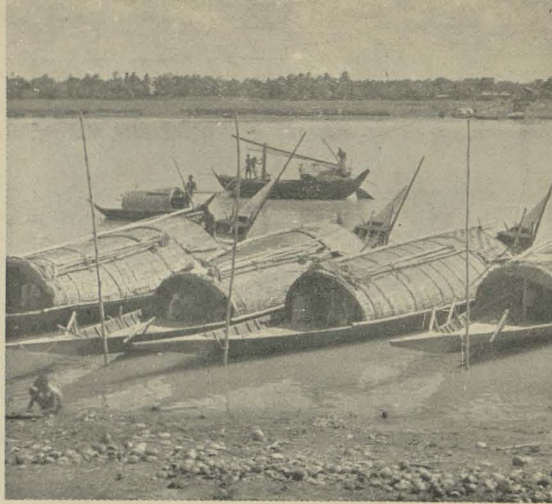


1. Country Craft on an East Pakistan river.

2. Swat Landscape.

2





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3



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3. River-traffic in East Pakistan.

4. A Village in the Swat Valley.

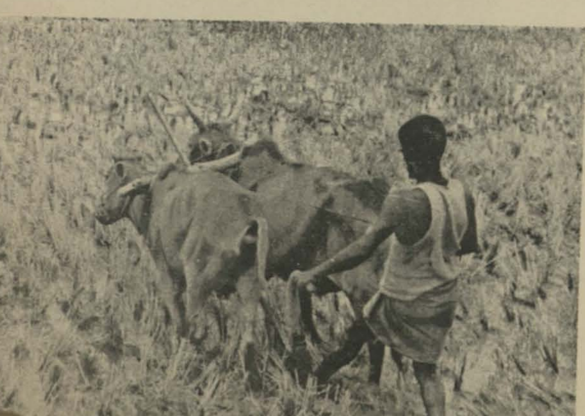


Tea pickers of East Pakistan.



The Persian Wheel from West Pakistan.

Ploughing a rice field in East Pakistan.





A Peasant of West Pakistan.

Washing the Jute fibre in East Pakistan.



sun of his sudden fame. Though his grasp of the rich texture of life seems to be more firm than Zainul Abedin's, he is apparently under the control of some unexplainable force. And in the consequent dualism, his perception weakens and often his paintings become cameos of nostalgic dreams. There is in his paintings an unconscious display of deep, ruffled poetic emotions. In spite of the thoroughness, the minute details, the exquisite sense of colour and the occasional bright reflection of the sunny Pre-Raphaelites, the artist's entire polychromous design seems to draw inside instead of projecting. Whatever the subject, whether it is about homeward-bound buffaloes along a row of tall eucalyptus trees or a pair of sleepy birds in a cosy nest, there is always an unapproachable remoteness.

Like those of Zainul Abedin's, Safiuddin Ahmad's paintings have also been exhibited in London, Paris and Singapore, and have earned him a wide reputation. He has undoubtedly broken new ground in the field of art in this country inasmuch as very few artists have so far specialized in what might be called technical forms of painting. For some years past he has been busy in mastering aquatint and dry-point. He is also very good at wood-engraving. This varied interest in the technical forms of communicating the artistic emotions makes him explore with greater zeal the intrinsic variations of rhythm as well as colour which are less responsive to the ordinary eye than the obvious, prismatic beauty. The quintessence of his painting, therefore, lies not in the formalism but in the search which is more than often caught in the interacting forces of known and unknown sentiments. Precisely for this reason Safiuddin Ahmad's landscapes are rare. All his earlier efforts to paint a real landscape in the arid tracts of Santhal Pargana in Bihar failed; the recent landscapes of the riverside scenes in East Bengal show no improvement. One detects in these cases the evident inspiration which is not direct and, therefore, does not tally with the peculiar expressive urge of his subtle, and perhaps, forlorn mind.

Among the less prominent but none-the-less talented artists, first comes Qamrul Hasan, who combines in himself the power to enjoy lavishly the physical abundance of life and a sensuous, artistically impulsive mind. The mode of his expression tends to become rather violent and florid, the vulgarity of which is fortunately compensated to a great extent by the force of his presentation.

Next comes perhaps Anwarul Haq, whose scanty paintings reveal a definite and likable style. What strikes one most is his tendency to select unusual subjects of painting. This tendency has led him to wander in the snow-capped hill-places, trying to arrest with the help of the brush something seen from an uncommon angle — perhaps a rickety,

wooden balcony with a square background of cloudy, drizzling sky; a tea garden which rises like a wide flight of stairs, or an old Pathan whose eyes, face and beard all possess an angular sharpness. The reminiscences of the not unpleasant days passed in his boyhood in the interior of East Africa still painfully disturb him as he perhaps feels he has left behind his real subjects there where nature yet wears an unfaded, boisterously youthful appearance. Anwarul Haq's colour composition sometimes seems drab but that is because he has a pronounced dislike for bright colour. Instead, he prefers to give his paintings a subdued glow.

Khwaja Shafique Ahmad claims the attention of art connoisseurs mainly because of the solemnity of his mission. He is one of those artists who seek beauty not where it is blatantly significant but where it lies hidden and is, therefore, more delicate. The landscapes as a whole appear to him to be hazy and undefined; individual objects are not studied specifically as they seem to have no value as compared with composite beauty. This is reflected in his painting. Yet one feels the presence of a more delicate beauty behind the seemingly rough structure of his landscapes.

Shakir Ali

A. SHAMSIE

The road that Shakir Ali followed to reach his present stage in art led him in four different directions. He traversed each path till he discovered that his goal was situated elsewhere. Each time he retraced his footsteps and came back to the cross-roads from where he had started. Today he is again standing at the cross-roads with the four paths that he has explored in front of him.

In 1937, the first road led Shakir, when he was twenty-one, to Sarada Ukil Studio in Delhi. At this school the style which Dr. Abanindra Nath Tagore initiated in this sub-continent was practised with great sentimentality and slickness. In its historical perspective it was the first revolt against the strangle hold of the Victorian concept of aesthetics which came to be adopted in the 19th century. This style turned to Ajanta frescoes and Mughal miniatures for inspiration, abandoned the Western technique of oil painting and culminated in the renaissance of art in Bengal which took place in the fitst decade of this century. In craftsmanship it created a synthesis of Chinese calligraphy, Japanese colouring and Mughal finish.

At Sarada Ukil Studio Shakir disciplined his hand to draw continuous flowing lines to delineate subjects and to use water colour in soft graded washes on wet paper to create a romantic glow. But the subject matter of paintings at this studio could not appeal to him. In turning back to their past for inspiration, the Bengal school also adopted the same subjects. In spite of the fact that Buddhism was no longer the prevailing religion they painted the whole cycle of the life of Buddha. The repertory of their subjects was limited to mythology, history and romantic rural life. Perhaps it was a great limitation of that style that when painted in its mannerism even a really contemporary subject lost its authenticity. It proved to be too successful in its purpose of reviewing the past.

In 1938 Shakir went to Bombay to join the J. J. School of Art. There Indian Decorative Painting was in vogue, having superseded the 'Solomon' phase in which the previous Director Gladstone Solomon wanted to substitute an Indian model in an otherwise Western painting. At the J.J. School of Art Shakir learnt the technique of tempera in which each colour and tone was distinct. There the emphasis was on pattern and tended to become decorative. Actually the spirit of the revival of the past tradition was equally present there. Only the technique was different from that of the Bengal School. For inspiration they too turned back to Ajanta frescoes, Jain and Rajput paintings. But for their subjects they often scanned the contemporary scene.

When Shakir looked around for inspiration and saw the work of the leading contemporary artists, Jamini Roy and Amrita Sher Gill attracted him by their styles. The former had evolved his style by going to Bengal folk art and the Jain painting which had flourished from the 11th to 17th century. The latter though initially influenced in form and colour by the works of Cezanne and Gauguin, had developed her style from Ajanta frescoes and Mughal miniatures after her return to India. It was his urge to likewise draw his inspiration direct from the original sources that led Shakir to retrace his steps from the directon of revivalism. During 1945-46, he travelled in South India to study architecture, sculpture and frescoes. But during the one year that he was in Delhi, but more so during the six years of his stay in Bombay, he was already getting acquainted with real life. Only the realisation became more intense in 1945-46 and led him further afield on the way to the original sources of inspiration.

The third road led him in the opposite direction. The art tradition of this subcontinent was generic and symbolic. Even Mughal portraiture in spite of being specific, also suggested the universal. The path that took Shakir to the Slade School of Art, London in 1946 was representational and specific. Even when idealised it always carried with it a suggestion of the particular. The tradition of the Renaissance in the West from the beginning of the 14th to the end of the 19th century is represented by the apocryphal legend of the grapes that were so convincingly painted that the birds pecked at them. His training at the Slade School disciplined Shakir in the canons of classical art, its laws of perspective, its chiaroscuro, its concept of treating the painting as a 'window-in-wall', its illusion of three dimension and all combining to approximate to nature, as if 'holding a mirror to it'. He had become interested in this style when he was in Bombay because 'life' class and drawing from 'antique' was left over from the 'Solomon' phase at the J.J. School

of Art. His three years at the Slade School equipped him sufficiently in the classical tradition and he obtained the University of London Diploma in Fine Art.

In his search for his '*metier*' Shakir had spent twelve long years since he joined Sarada Ukil Studio in 1937. He had studied the classical art of this sub-continent as well as of Europe. While in this sub-continent he had first explored the phases of revivalism before seeking the original masterpieces of classical art; in England he first disciplined himself in the classical tradition before venturing on the voyage of free experiment in form and colour. In 1944, Shakir now out to explore fresh fields, went to France to work with Andre L'Hote who had been in the *avant garde* of the Cubist movement in the second decade of this century. Shakir's interest in design was awakened and in 1950 he joined the School of Industrial Design at the University of Prague in Czechoslovakia. For two years he studied Textile Designing and in 1951 became associated with the Textile Corporation of Prague as an external designer.

Even after his return to Pakistan in 1952 he continued to travel in the direction on which he had started while working with Andre L'Hote. Actually, his first encounter with 'form' had been much earlier. Charles Gerard Director of the J.J. School of Art in Bombay, when Shakir went there in 1944, painted in the Post-Impressionist style. It is interesting to trace how the various threads join together over a period of time. In Karachi, and later in Lahore, Shakir became more occupied with the problems of analysis of 'form' and his paintings "The Bull", reproduced here, is representative of this phase of his work.

The last two years have been years of comparative inactivity and " Still Life with Pineapple " painted in 1955 and reproduced here in colour is of his transition period. His present stage is that of self-contemplation. He is striving to wrest himself free to express his own personal vision. He is beginning to find his '*metier*' by discovering the true function of an artist. According to the simile used by Paul Klee, the artist assumes the function of the trunk of a tree. With this root he penetrates the organic world and unobtrusively finds his way in it. The relationship between roots and crown of the tree is not of mirrored reflection. " The creation of a work of art — the growth of a crown of the tree — must of necessity, as a result of entering into the specific dimensions of pictorial art be accompanied by distortion of the natural form. For therein is nature reborn ."

Shakir was born in 1916, at Rampur in India. His mother died when he was very young and having been robbed of maternal affection he withdrew into his own self. Living

away from home for his education at Jamia Millia in Delhi and later at Philanders Smith College at Nainital, further aggravated his feeling of loneliness. For a sensitive person life in a cosmopolitan city like Bombay where he lived for seven years was not conducive to regaining his emotional equilibrium and the feeling of being alone became only more oppressive. Life in an alien country is lonely too, and he has spent five years in England and Europe.

This feeling of loneliness is augmented by general sociological factors. Society today has become a very complex thing far beyond the comprehension of the artists. Besides it is in a continuous state of transition. The pace at which our society is changing in its social, economic and moral structure is so fast that it is difficult to catch up with it. Art is spontaneous, almost an unpremeditated act of an individual who works instinctively under the spell of inspiration. Given the best will in the world it is not easy for an artist to interpret consciously and rationally the general will of the period. Instead he expresses his own personality in his loneliness that has become traditional in modern society. It is a happy coincidence that sometimes it also reveals the inner mind of the society.

Art for Shakir is a means of expression of his own solitary self. His work has the distilled quality of brooding in solitude. His experiences sink deep down in his consciousness, become part of the life of contemplation, transforming from specific into generic and in the process of emotional digestion even cease to be " grape-like." The aesthetic beauty he aims at in his work is different from the beautiful in Nature. The life of contemplation in which his work comes into being obeys different laws. Wherever and whenever the artist regards life as a mystery beyond his control, his work assumes a certain remoteness from nature. Shakir's work is devoid of sensuousness and sentimentality, drained of all vigorous joy of life and instead breathes an air of intense sadness.

Shakir does not paint narrative subject pictures. He uses objects from Nature only as a point of departure into the realm of line, tone-values and colour. From his starting point in the world of senses, for each picture he makes a perilous journey. His approach is essentially that of a virtuoso. He treats line solely as a matter of Measure, short or long of angles obtuse or acute. He uses tone-values as Weight and colour as a Quality. He uses these three formal elements in the construction of a new order. In the work of such an artist the appearance of a recognisable object is a cause of confusion for the audience. Every object from the organic world has a whole range of associate properties which exist for the audience but may not be present in the mind of the artist when he

paints it. The choice of an object in the work of Shakir is analogous to the idea of motif and theme in musical thought. He aims to weave a spell with line, tone-values and colour to short-circuit, straight from the point of reception to the seat of emotions, without the intermediary of associative properties which try to recognize objects from Nature before letting their emotions to respond to it. Music does weave such spells and so should painting.

Shakir sketches in a sharp and angular manner the outline of objects and fills the space with muted tones. He eliminates all unessentials from his drawing. Figures are bereft of even their eyes. Only the suggestion of form remains. Form in the work of Shakir is a synthesis of two contradictory aspects. On the one hand it has the plastic spirit that one associates with relief. And at the same time it is devoid of perspective, illusions of depth and of third dimension. He presents before us a conception of flatness with sculptural forms.

In the latest work of Shakir colour is bleached of its intensity. It has the effect of what glaring sun does to colour transparencies. In contrast to the deep brown of the Renaissance and the primaries of the modern movement, Shakir is using light muted tones of colour with accent of dark lines. He is applying colour with brush and palette-knife with all the strokes staring at us. Visible brush strokes which we first meet in the later work of Titian have here become more assertive. Streaks and dabs, criss-crossing, overlapping and entangling each other bring in an element of movement in his otherwise static paintings. Also they provide the only form of ornamentation which his paintings have. These streaks and dabs constitute the tempo which is usually associated with music. It also brings in the element of time. His paintings look remote because the mottled effect of colour resembles the pattern of patina which is associated with Hellenic bronzes dug up by the Renaissance.

Shakir is producing vital art. He is combining flatness with sculptural form and in this synthesis of the paradoxical he further incorporates the element of remoteness in time.

VI

LANDSCAPE

River Life of East Pakistan

WINIFRED HOLMES

" The kingdom of Bengala is an extensive country. Its products are abundant, and its peoples numerous, they are Muhammedans and in their dealings are open and straightforward. The rich build ships, in which they carry on commerce with foreign nations. Many are engaged in trade and a goodly number occupy themselves with agricultural pursuits, while others exercise their crafts as mechanics."

Except for a certain quaintness of phrase here and there, this description of East Pakistan might have been written yesterday. Instead, it formed part of a report sent five hundred years ago by a Chinese traveller to his Imperial master. The report goes on to describe the fertility of the land: the twice yearly crops of rice, the "wheat, millet, sesamum, pulses, ginger, mustard, onions, hemp, quash, brinjals and vegetables of many descriptions which grow there in abundance; not to speak of the various fruits, among them the plantain, and the three or four kinds of wine, the coconut, rice tarry and kedjang."

He goes on to list the useful animals and birds and the various sorts of sugar made in the country. To the thrifty Chinese such fertility had evidently a great appeal. He admired too the beautiful fabrics, the "silk handkerchiefs and gold-embroidered caps, and the white paper made of the bark of a tree, which is smooth and glossy like a deer's skin."

The life of East Bengal has continued to be much the same for many hundreds of years. Isolated in its strange geography of great shifting rivers which alternate between a calm sluggishness and a wild turbulence of storm and flood; of treacherous sandbanks and rich alluvial soil; of waterways rather than highways to the sea, it early developed a highly individual character, which has remained comparatively unchanged for centuries.

Except for the Chittagong hill area to the east and for the northern Barind plateau, the nature of the country is governed by its complex river system of the Brahmaputra—

Ganges and their network of tributaries. The country is amphibious; the people are amphibious, water being almost as much their home as land. Although 95 per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture, growing jute for the markets of the world and crops of rice and millet, pulses and vegetables and fruits, and owning cattle and goats and hens—the villages are contained by water and connected to each other and to the big bazars of the cities by water.

The children swim almost from birth; they learn to handle boats at an early age and a whole village will disport itself in the water, the women modestly a little apart and sheltered where possible by trees, but all enjoying its cool freshness. Again the same village may be washed away by water, the swirling stream flooding down after torrential rains to ruin crops, destroy houses and threaten animals and men. But even then the people know how to deal with the water. They drive their cattle on to heaped-up mounds with enough fodder to last them until the flood is likely to subside and leave their own submerged houses to put up machans, huts, to live in for a time outside the radius of the encroaching water.

It is very strange to sail or paddle through such flooded country. The houses are half under water, the snakes washed from their holes in the river-banks taking refuge with other reptiles and many insects in the still-dry thatch. The cows patiently stand on their island hillocks, the water almost reaching to their feet. Refuse and rotting crops float past; trees stand with submerged trunks, their branches spreading over the water. Small boats tied up under groves of mango trees bob about as if impatient to be in use again. Naked children splash about happily, playing games at the edge of the flood-water, unaware that their parents are unhappy, the mother grieving for her spoilt house and possessions, the father for his lost crops and livelihood.

But unless they are exceptional the floods soon subside and the people set to work to repair the ravages and start their busy productive life anew. Sometimes, when the water sinks, it is found that the river has altered its course. The river bed is changed and passengers travelling along in steamers may be stranded, grounded on hidden sand banks, called chars. Whole villages may have to be moved to new sites, as the ancient cities of East Bengal were moved from time to time for the same reason.

After a cyclone has swept the area there may be all kinds of damage: steamers wrecked and piled up on the bounds, high and dry; trees uprooted and blown into the fields; houses in ruins—a trail of desolation for miles.

But all this force of water has its gifts too. The silt left behind at the side of the shrunken river, grown gentle and calm once more is rich. Rice seed can be scattered there without preparation of the soil and a full harvest reaped when it is ripe. In this oozy silt wade the slender white egrets, often standing still in apparent meditation. Farther out in the channel are the poles of the fishermen, crowned with water-birds which dive in every now and then with a flash of sun on beak and glossy feathers. Kites hover above, uttering their shrill mewing cry, hoping to snatch a prize when the fish is pulled up in the nets in the evening.

Down the stream, heralded by shouts of laughter, comes a flotilla of schoolboys travelling home to their villages on boats from school. Each boy rides a round earthen, pot which he paddles along, his books tucked up under his legs. Racing each other, bumping into each other with more serious results than at Cambridge, for the boats are made of brittle earthenware, they come merrily along. When a pot breaks its rider has to swim the rest of the way, holding his books out of reach of the water with one hand, as he, strikes out with the other.

All this is in the day's work. As they go they pass a string of boats moored alongside each other, waiting to load up their cargoes of jute or vegetables or hay to take to the city many miles downstream. You may see every kind of country boat on these East Bengal rivers—rowed, poled or sailed. Dinghis, lakhias, panchis, ghasis, goinas, are some. And there are many others. Salt boats are towed along by men, toiling along like Volga boatmen, painfully pulling the boats against the current and in the broiling sun. Jute is transported by these country boats to the ports, to be sold and shipped to the markets and factories of the world.

Some boats look like Chinese junks, with short square sails; others have a lateen sail; some are rowed by many pairs of oars. Some are poled, the polesman, narrowed by the lunghi he wears, tied round his waist and falling to his feet, his shoulders bare and gleaming in the sunlight, digging the long pole deeply into the mysterious water of one of the world's most sacred rivers, pulling up the pole, the water dripping from it in silver drops, then plunging it in once more to the rhythm of a bhatiali, boatman's song. Is it any wonder that seamen from East Bengal are found in every port in the world ?

Some families live altogether on these boats, catching and eating fish from the river and earning their rice by transporting the produce of the land to the cities. Their songs and the songs of the boatmen of the East Bengal riverside—the bhatiali—are ancient

and traditional folk songs which scholars are now collecting and writing down for fear they may be lost in the modern world. Hearing them across the bund or across a beel is to experience something wonderful. The voices are rich and vigorous, the rhythms those of the work they do, of rowing, or poling or paddling. They sing of God, of their homes and their loves and of the rewards of their toil.

Beels are a particularly beautiful feature of the flat Bengal landscape. The people call them "dumb waters" because they do not babble and sing as they flow like the rivers, but are still and silent. They are formed by the river entering a depression in the land and spreading out over it in a wide expanse of shallow water. On this grows the blue water-hyacinth, and by its side the wild iris. Sometimes the villagers' houses, built on the higher ground in this area, stand up in the water like little islands. Sometimes the water covers a cultivated field and the stalks stick out so that it may look as though a boat were gliding through a cornfield. The people cross it in shallow dinghis or in big round earthern pots. The river is usually crossed by a ferry, a shallow raft of palm and bamboo, whose starting place may be a clump of bamboos or a banyan tree so that passengers may be sheltered as they wait. A few pice takes them across safely.

A foreigner finds himself in an enchanting land, hearing the songs of the boatmen and the bamboo flute of the herdboy ; seeing the immensity of sky and plain, broken only by the silhouette of people walking along the built-up bund or of the boats gliding by ; seeing the clusters of cottages nestling by bamboo or mango groves ; marvelling at the flaming sunsets across the still beels ; enjoying the bustle of the ferry—the goats that will not be driven on the raft, the children in their best clothes off to the bazar, the housewives with their baskets of eggs or vegetables, gossiping with each other as housewives will the world over, admiring the dignity and grace of the women's walk as they mount the steps to the pandal above, and the muscular litheness of the ferryman and his son; feeling a magical quality in East Bengal life, compounded of naturalness, religious fervour and poetic expression, of hard work and laughter and exquisite song.

At harvest time the whole land seems to burst into song. Each village vies with the other in celebrating the gathering in of the rice with song, flute and drum. This village is happy but the next village has been touched by tragedy. Cholera has taken Nazim's wife. A tiger has mauled Rahim's cow. The family of the Khans is stricken with malaria. But in the house of the Sheikhs there is a new son. So after all one may rejoice.

And romance is never far off, here as everywhere else, where there is youth. The

girls go down to the river to fill their pitchers with water each day. The young men, their hair black and curled, their bodies shining with oil, are in the bamboo groves cutting new stakes with their choppers, a handful of parched rice tied in their lunghis for their mid-day meal. Kasim may steal a shy glance from the fine brown eyes of Nila as she walks past, her pitcher balanced on her head, her friends around her.

... Come with me, Nila, your hair will be painted,
Oh, Nila, your hands lack bangles,
Come with me Oh Nila, I shall give you bangles to wear.....

In the marriage songs, sung by the women and girls of the village as they prepare for the wedding feast, can be heard the authentic voice of the East Bengal people. While they skilfully prepare the sweetmeats—the *rasgoolas*, the *jallebies*—the sweet cakes, the *pans* and the garlands and decorations, they sing these songs. No men are present to hear them, but they often sing from the boy's point of view, the words echoing what they feel in their hearts to be what he is thinking during his courtship and marriage.

But by this time the match-maker has done his job; and the dowry is fixed. Nila has embroidered a beautiful quilt and now she and Kasim are to be married.

The wedding takes place in the bride's house, suitably and auspiciously decorated for the occasion. The headman of the village is the chief guest and the Mullah performs the religious ceremony. Food and *pans* are ready for the feast afterwards, to which the whole village looks forward with relish.

Now the bridegroom—a king for a day—starts out from his home in procession to the music of shona—a shrill flute—and drum. With him are his young friends and male relations and behind him come a body-guard of lathials, men armed with long poles. He looks magnificent in his fine clothes and flowered turban, with garlands round his neck and flowers over his face.

On arrival at the bride's house another party of lathials, formed of her friends and relations, sallies forth and challenges the bridegroom's party to a mock battle. At last, without any broken heads, but much merriment, the "battle" comes to an end and the bridegroom dismounts and enters the house to be greeted by the father of the bride, the headman and the Mullah.

After the solemn ceremony and the feast, the bridegroom carries off his bride to his own home. Then she must say farewell to childhood and to her mother and there is a

hint of tragedy here which is echoed in another of the marriage songs sung by the women as they prepare the feast.

'Had I known before, oh my fair Moina,
That you would be taken away by a stranger,
My jewel, my Moina.
I would have held you in my arms ever and always,
And the sandal paste would have lain on the grinding stone,
And the paddy would have lain unhusked.

In contrast to the quiet village life of the delta, where a wedding is a great event, are the busy sea and riverside ports, of which Dacca is the most fascinating. Mughal, Portugese, Dutch, British, have all added something to the architecture of its river front and streets, and the result, strange though it may sound, is a facade of beauty and grace. Merchants have come here for many centuries to buy the famous gossamer-weight Dacca Muslins and here the country boats disgorge their precious cargoes of jute to be shipped to the markets of the world.

In addition they bring to the city the rich products of East Bengal's earth, the rice, vegetables, eggs, hay, fruit and the products of her village craftsmen, pots, baskets, mats, to sell in her bazars. The voices of bhatiali, bamboo flute and drum are lost now in the throng, and more sophisticated music charms the people's ear — music of sitar, violin, organ and the highly trained sin ers of the cinema screen. And here in the thronging, bazars are many things for the boatman to buy—toys for his children at home, machine-made saris and bodices for his womenfolk, pots and pans and jewellery for holy days. Here in the town's bazars are spices and pungent flavours, both in food and gossip, and here are strangers from many lands.

But at evening, his pockets lighter, the boatman must go back to sleep on his boat, empty now and ready for the return journey up-river early next day. Here on his little boat, light as a shell, Nazim and Kasim and Rahim rock up and down, wrapped in a white sheet, oblivious of the busy traffic of the river around them. Here they will dream of home— a thatched village nestling in a mango grove, a bend in the river where they bathe, the laughing voices of children splashing in the stream and the plaintive call of the herdsman's bamboo flute—home, the place that every traveller longs for, however simple it may be.

Spring in the Swat Valley

HLADIA P. STEWART

Spring time is beautiful in most places, but when the young leaves and the fruit blossoms, the flowers in the fields and the new shoots of wheat and rice, are put in a setting with snow-capped mountains behind them and a blue river in front with shining white and yellow pebbles, it makes a picture that causes the visitor to exclaim with pleasure and remember for years to come.

We went over the Malakand Pass on a dazzlingly clear day after a good deal of rain. The precipices, the rocks, the road winding around the cliffs, the steepness and cragginess of it made one feel as if the giant's castle had to be stormed before one entered the enchanted land. The giant was absent, there were no pickets on the hills, the little forts were empty, there was no one to challenge us as we crept round the last frightening curve but all the same we travelled with caution, peering ahead to see what was around the corner. Then we were in the out-skirts of the stronghold and beyond was a green and pleasant valley.

Wherever we turned, there were pictures, willows just coming into leaf, pale yellow rather than green, with dark trunks, bending over a canal, dark lines of trees across the lush green of the valley where the roads crossed and forked, clear streams in which the blue of the hills was reflected, the mustard fields still in bloom while in the Punjab they were only a memory, the wheat still young, tiny new leaves and blossoms on the shisham trees, the Persian lilacs leafless with yellow berries from last summer shining against the blue of the sky red poppies among the wheat and sometimes on the roofs of the houses, fresh snow even on the hills in the middle distance and villages clean and washed by the recent rain and the white capped hills behind them. Every few miles there were quaint little forts each with four top-heavy towers, some of them, half hidden by the alder trees in the

stream bed between the fort and the road, some standing starkly against blue and purple hills.

On the road there were Gujar folk travelling, camped in the shelter of rocks, the women in their black garments walking behind the animals, great baskets on their heads and then we saw a pretty little girl among them with her arms full of red poppies. Every now and again we came to a clump of olive trees and discovered that only in the graveyards did groups of these trees survive. The graves were often surmounted by sharp stones dug from the hillside, one for the head and one for the foot, often at an angle that suggested arms held wide, or even wings. Some of the olive trees dripped with fresh mistletoe, the leaves of which were small and neat and pale green, a smaller variety than one usually sees. The hill tops were covered with Buddhist remains and all over the valley there were ruins from old monasteries and stupas and houses as if in this sheltered place time had stood still.

There were arched bridges over the streams and so much stone with which to build clean walls, some of them not even held together with mortar. A lot of the stone was schist which splits like slate. What lovely floors it would make!

The botanists among us were excited with the wild flowers by the road side and up the slopes of the hills. There were big patches of a giant yellow mint, nepeta, purple as heather among the rocks, heavy heads of golden sophora and every where red poppies. The rice fields were bordered with buttercups and there were fruit tress in blossom. In places the little wild iris was still in bloom, both the purple and yellow varieties, and we later found a few stalks of the big pale lavender Hazara lily which most of us had never seen before, growing on the banks of irrigation ditches.

Saidu Sharif was a surprise. The villages on the hillside built with the stone from their own rocks melted into the colour of the hills, but this city with its great white mosque surrounded by all those houses was unexpected and the big hotel even more so. However, we were very glad to be so comfortable. There were flowers in the garden and red blossoms on the silk cotton tree, looking somehow strange against deep blue hills instead of the paler blue of the sky. Just before we came to the hotel we crossed a branch of the Swat River and for a brief moment had a glimpse of the length of the valley from the bridge. The snows were so vivid, the water so blue and the pebbles so shining that it looked almost unreal, like the very brightest of picture postcards.

Next day we followed the opposite bank of the river. We had come up the left

bank with the snowy range behind us, now we faced the snows, going through Mingora with its shops, as far as Manglaur. There a bend of the river in front of a government dispensary made a blue mirror at the foot of a range of snow mountains, and little fields and lines of trees came down to meet the water from huts perched up on the slopes of the hills. A man was fishing in the clear blue water with a big net. Huge boulders guarded the near banks of the stream. From here some of the party went up a side valley to see a bas-relief statue of Buddha, carved on the face of the rock about twenty-five feet high, the head almost completely free. It was a two mile walk from where the motor road ended and some were a little weary when they returned to drink their tea on the dispensary verandah facing the snows. All the patients had gone home by this time and the place was deserted. It was very peaceful.

When we had gathered strength again we took to the road once more and followed it until we came to a valley that led up into the hills to Miandam. The road was narrow, even a little frightening in places, but every turn brought something beautiful. The loveliest sight was provided by the medlar trees in full bloom, a cascade of lacy white that suddenly seemed to fill the valley. When we stopped at the head of the valley we looked back again at the snows, at fold after fold of blue and purple hills and in the foreground a terraced hillside with tiny green fields trimmed with mustard bloom, huts with low flat roofs, and at our feet pink and white fruit blossoms on the trees at the edge of the fields. We could see bits of snow between the dark pines on the nearer ridges of the hills and deep in the valley the fresh new green of trees and bushes. Here and there were oak trees also and walnut trees so many different shades of green.

We came back in the evening, following the river, now quiet instead of sparkling, with cool shadows across the hills. We rounded the great buttress of rock that guards the bend of the river and came suddenly on a wedding procession that completely filled the road. The bride was in a *doli* surrounded by women on foot, all dressed in black garments with the most beautifully embroidered black shawls, gay embroidery on their shirts, all kinds of jewellery, some with baskets on their heads covered with a cloth, some with embroidered jackets, a few with red trousers and all of them skipping along with dancing steps, clapping their hands and evidently enjoying themselves thoroughly. We were told that it used to be the custom to send the bridegroom off by himself for three weeks before the wedding. Evidently it was not considered proper for him to enjoy the fun. The dowry beds were in the procession too, utensils, bedding, a low table, all that the bride would need

in her new home. Later on we saw the wedding party in a courtyard where there were gaily clad dancers entertaining the company.

The next day was planned for the geologists and those who wanted to have a better look at the Buddhist ruins. Every hill top seemed to bristle with the last few stones that once formed a monastery, a fortress or stupa or even a dwelling house and there were remains of stupas that had once been elaborately covered with carvings little bits of which still remain. What must the valley have looked like when all these saffron clad Buddhist monks could look down at the rice fields by the riverside and watch the sun setting along the pink flushed crest of the snows? How far did they have to carry their water? Are the forests gone that once provided them with fuel ? Or was it part of their creed that they must travel long distances to provide for their simple needs? Sir Aurel Stein once visited the Swat valley and wrote about these Buddhist times in a book called "On Alexander's Track on the Indus" but I have not yet been able to find a copy of his record.

We spent part of the day shopping in the bazar. Every one wanted Swat blankets and the variety was great, some wool, some cotton and all kinds of mixtures, usually in gay stripes, red and yellow and blue and green, some for curtains and some for cottage bedspreads. A few of the ladies bought black scarves with magenta trimmings, some wanted a Swat hat to show their friends. They seemed to me very ugly things and so unbecoming to the handsome lads that wore them, but very warm. I preferred the pretty caps trimmed in gold thread that you would see on the head of some lovely child, usually the son of a local Khan, for Swat is still a feudal country, controlled by a few important families.

By evening of the second day the clouds began to gather and the next day it was drizzling. Hoping it would clear up in an hour or two we set out for Pir Baba, thinking that we would not have time to see this interesting road on our return journey for it is a good deal longer and there are four passes to cross before one comes to the shrine. We went over the bridge across the Saidu river and some miles down the same road we had come by on our arrival, then we turned off to the left and after a while began to climb. The road was steep and narrow and it seemed like a long way to the top of the first pass, which was the highest of the four passes on the way. It was very windy. The road that we could see zigzaging down the next big hill did not look very inviting with a rainy sky overhead and so we turned and came back by the way we had gone and were glad to be back in the valley again for by now the rain was blurring the hills and almost shutting out the view. We ate in the car, looking up at Buddhist ruins, for no one wanted to climb

up there in the rain. The colours all became soft, the snows disappeared, the flowers hung their heads and the distant hills were hidden in the mist. We finally returned to the hotel to spend the rest of the afternoon sorting specimens of flowers, making notes, making a few sketches of the flowers and drinking tea. The mist came farther up the valley until the nearest hills were also covered. Of all that riot of colour only a soft gray blue remained.

We had planned to go to a rest-house at Bahrein and perhaps to visit Kalam, but next day it was raining so hard that we got discouraged. It looked as if it was in for days of wet weather. So we came out of the valley as we had gone into it, by Chakdara and the Malakand Pass. Family after family of Gujars walked on the road in the pouring rain, driving their animals in front of them, loaded with their household possessions. It was sad to see them so bedraggled in the wet. One little girl in black and red had a black lamb in her arms, as if it, too, had become discouraged in the rain. We saw where the Swat river was joined by the Dir river and wondered if Alexander had come into India through Dir. The hills had sharp points to them and looked as flat as if they had been cut out of cardboard. We saw a baby leopared skin hanging in a roadside shop and wondered where it had come from. They had jackal skins in the shops at Mingora. In the rain the rocks near the pass were almost black and contrasted sharply with the lush green and gold of the valley. The pass over Malakand had seemed scary when we were going into Swat but after the Pir Baba road it looked like a highwary. The rain followed us all the way to the Punjab.

It would be nice to spend a long time in the valley of Swat. I should like to paint dozens of pictures and visit the higher hills. The flowers are so lovely in the spring. But to get around in comfort one should have one's own car. The roads are good and several of the side valleys motorable. Our visit was so brief that it had the effect of an afternoon's performance at the cinema with a film in two parts, one in bright sunshine, the other in the rain, and I shall always regret a part three which I did not see, the roads we did not travel and the hills we may never have an opportunity to climb.

Hunza Valley

DONALD KING

Hunza is a small state in the Himalaya region of Gilgit Agency. It may be regarded as the real focus of Central Asia, as it occupies a narrow wedge-shaped corner in the far north of Pakistan, where it is bordered by Afghanistan, Russian Turkistan, and the communist-controlled Chinese Turkistan. The population is almost entirely confined to small villages along the deep valley of the Hunza River, which commences near the Chinese Turkistan border, and flows south through narrow gorges in the Hindu Kush and Karakoram Ranges to join the Indus River near Gilgit. The capital of the state comprises a cluster of villages of the same name, with a population of five thousand.

In the past, Hunza was the centre of a thriving trade which took place between the neighbouring countries, and was famed for its stalwarts, who for centuries looted travellers along the Yarqand trade route, linking Afghanistan to Central Asia, and who fought so gallantly in their natural mountain fortresses against attacks from the British force under Colonel Durand in 1891. Nowadays the northern trade routes are closed and the prosperity afforded by levies imposed on passing traders, the sale of fodder, and organized looting, has ceased. Hunza has become an out of the way place occupied by an hospitable people whose existence depends entirely on what they produce from their small plots of irrigated land. There is no surplus to export, and the only requirements brought from the south are salt and cheap cotton materials.

The climate in Hunza, being one of extremes, plays a very important role in the life of the people, and limits the periods when travel is possible. In the winter months, the valleys are buried in snow and the villagers are forced to hibernate in their small stone and mud dwellings, with little else to do but make warm winter clothing and care for their sheltered stock. In summer, a dry heat prevails and the snow recedes from the valleys and

mountain slopes to a height of about 15,000 feet. The melting snow and ice swell the rivers into surging torrents. Then the villagers work untiringly to grow their crops on irrigated plots, and gather enough fodder and firewood to meet the requirements of the following winter.

My introduction to Hunza was in the blazing heat of summer when the villages were a vivid green with the new season's crops. The journey commenced at Gilgit, which is nestled away in a steep gorge surrounded by mighty mountain ranges of the north-west Himalayas. Nowadays, there is an air shuttle service from Rawalpindi into this politically important centre, and this eliminates the long and tedious trek over high mountain passes which was necessary until recent years, and was only possible during a short period in summer.

The journey north from Gilgit along the Hunza river valley is by way of a narrow track suitable only for pack animal transport. The departure is usually delayed by the bickering of the hired donkey-wallas over equal distribution of the load, or by the discovery of gaping sores concealed on purpose beneath the primitive saddles of the riding ponies; The first stage is along broad sandy flats in the river gorge to the village of Nomal. The enclosing mountains are rugged and drab coloured, with a complete absence of vegetation and form a natural trap for the burning rays of the sun. There is no shade and the heat and glare are depressing ; it is necessary for man and animal alike to make frequent detours to the edge of the river to quench parched throats.

The local people regard the water of the Hunza River as 'very good' and tend to over-do advertising its superior qualities. The visitor, however, is not at all impressed by its high content of suspended silt which refuses to settle and can hardly be regarded as good for one's system. The only favourable feature of the water is that it is much cooler than the average run of iced drinks served in city milk bars, and even this quality generally results in harmful effects to the newcomer if he is inclined to drink too freely.

The entrance into the green fields of Nomal is a pleasant finale to the day's journey. The extensive area of irrigated wheat and rice at this village is built upon a broad stretch of alluvium at the entrance of Noltar Gah, a nullah famous for the ibex and markhor that were shot there by sporting British officers during their occupation. On arrival at the Dak Bungalow, the Chowkidar goes in search of chickens and eggs, and other foodstuffs to meet the needs of the visitor. The local men and boys gather in large numbers, and are content to sit in groups and watch him establish camp for the night.

The sixteen mile trek to Chalt is through more barren and unoccupied terrain where the precipitous walls of the valley impose a very restricted and monotonous view. We by-pass occasional traders taking fruits to the Gilgit bazar, or returning home empty-handed astride their tiny donkeys. Then there are coolies bringing large blocks of ice down from the mountain tops to sell at the village market for a few annas. They all stride with the slow and easy gait inherited by these hill-men.

An interesting feature seen for the first time along this route, but generally common in Gilgit Agency, is the locally made swing-bridge across the river to the small village of Garesh. The so-called 'rope bridge' is actually made of four lengths of plaited green birch twigs, two of which are lashed together to form a narrow foot-walk and the others used as guides on each side. They are of limited life as the twigs become brittle on aging, and are generally replenished during the winter of each year when the river is low.

Chalt village is surrounded by a very large area of cultivation. It is perhaps best remembered as the place where one gets one's first glimpse of the glorious Rakaposhi rising elegantly to a height of 25,550 feet within only a few miles of the Hunza Valley. This magnificent snow-clad peak dominates the landscape during the remainder of the journey to Hunza, and one never tires of its beauty.

The leading resident of Chalt is Gushpoy Sahib Khan of the royal family of Nagar. He is an unassuming young man but like all the people in the valley, delights in being photographed in his best attire.

Fruit trees are abundant in these villages and, when in season, the traveller can be assured of being met at the way-side with gifts of apricots, plums, peaches, apples or mulberries. Although the trees are allowed to grow to enormous sizes without pruning or care of any kind, they bear prolifically of tasteful fruit which is unusually free of blemishes. The fruit seasons naturally vary with the elevation, and a variety of fruit diet is assured as one travels from one village to the next. Surplus apricots are dried and stored for winter use. No preservatives are used and although the product is shrivelled and unappetising in appearance it no doubt retains its value as a food. The kernels are regarded as a luxury and are believed to act as a counter to the purgative effect of the fruit. Grapes are grown in small quantities, and a common practice among these people is to make a naturally fermented wine known as 'Hunza Pani'.

While at Chalt, one should detour from the main track and visit the beautiful Chaprot Nullah which enters the village from the north. The whole valley is lush with

fields and pastures and from a high point at the approach to Chaprot village a splendid panorama of snowy peaks is presented in all directions. Supreme of these is Rakaposhi to the south-east and Barkotchish close at hand to the south-west. Several glaciers spread down from the latter through pine-clad slopes to within a few miles of the Chaprot village.

Beyond Chalt, much cooler conditions prevail in the Hunza valley, as we have now climbed to nearly seven thousand feet. The traveller is refreshed further by the improved scenery. The short-stage from Chalt to Maiun is particularly pleasant as for most of the way, the track passes through avenues of fruit trees and poplars of closely spaced villages.

The view of Rakaposhi from Maiun is something, that will never be forgotten. The completely snow-covered pinnacles, which have defeated the attempts of Tilman and other mountaineers, from a broad skyline, and below them are other prominences covered by dense pine forests. Lower down the slopes are small patches of green cultivation, and in the fore-ground a pleasing contrast of brown-coloured, rugged vertical cliffs forming the river gorge. Massive white hanging glaciers extend down the nullahs to well below the snow-line, and beneath them are foaming streams cascading over barren rock outcrops. Here and there small aqueducts lined with trees diverge from the streams and, follow around the slopes to irrigated fields in the valley.

The trek continues, and on arrival at Hasanabad, we are confronted with a magnificent panorama of an unusually broad and fertile part of the valley wherein lies the capital of Hunza State. Richly coloured terraced fields and tall fruit trees extend up the slopes of the valleys to a considerable height, and provide a picturesque foreground to the surrounding peaks of the Karakoram and Rakaposhi Ranges. We are immediately impressed by the hospitable nature of the villagers, and the kindly faces of the samll boys who exitedly gather to watch the arrival of the ' sahibs ' and giggle amongst themselves at their unusual dress and mannerisms. It is like arriving in a primitive world of its own, one of peace and goodwill, and of outstanding beauty.

The track winds among intensely cultivated fields with clusters of small mud and stone tenements built up on prominences, and with small bazars along the main thoroughfares. Men and women alike are working their small plots, while the children graze stock on the village common.

The traditional sport of the Hunza people is polo, and each village devotes a long and narrow strip of its valuable land as a playing field. The game played is but a crude version of the ' Hurlingham Rules'—although generally believed to be of much older vintage

—and has grown up with this small civilization as a result of the love and pride which the hillmen have for their ponies, and on which they are so dependent for transport purposes.

A polo match was about to commence as we entered the village of Aliabad. There were five players on each side, and the game started to the accompaniment of high-pitched music from the band and excited cheers from the crowd. The ball was thrown between the opposing sides, then a swish of chakhars, and it is whisked away in the direction of goals, with the riders stampeding in pursuit. Fortunes changed and excitement grew as the game proceeded at an alarming speed. The band burst forth at each scoring shot to continue while the 'tumbaq' careered down the field at a gallop and hit the ball back into play.

The Mir, or ruler, of Hunza State lives in a newly constructed two-story palatial castle on a high point (8,000 ft.) in the village of Karimabad, which overlooks the whole of the settled valley for several miles in each direction. He is a likable man, self-educated to a high standard, and like his people, is extremely hospitable.

The palace is built and furnished in a Eurpoean style but embelished with an assortment of oriental carpets, ornaments and paintings. There are life-size portaits of previous rulers on the walls of the lounge, and remarkably enough, a piano which stands in the corner, carried there by coolies from Gilgit. Tea is served in beautiful Kashmir silverware , and dainty Chinese crockery.

The Mir generally entertains his guets by summoning a band and male dancers and the ensuing performance in the castle grounds is watched from comfortable lounge chairs on the balcony. The band, consisting of a tudak (flute), sutar (banjo) and drums, beats out a penetrating rhythm which seems to fit so well into this mountain setting. The dancers are quick to interpret the constantly changing tempo, and the onlooker is fascinated by their agility and variety of steps. The first dance finishes, but before there is time for applause another performer is in the arena. The dances are obviously symbolic of hatred and fear, others of love, and some are comedies, yet the Mir will tell you that the people no longer know their true meaning. They are relics of the past which have outlived their legendary background.

Hunza is ruled as a primitive democracy. There are no police or regular army and all disputes are settled personally by the Mir. The penalty for crime is expulsion with their family to a small isolated settlement in the mountains known as Shimshal, dreaded by the people for the lonely existence, and rarely is there cause for such punishment.

The existing dynasty has reigned for about 600 years. Previous rulers lived in drab timber-framed castles in the near-by villages of Baltit. These were built at strategic points in the valley and served as fortresses against attacks from Central Asiatic tribesmen. An interesting feature of their defences are small attics above each of the entrances from which attackers were showered with boulders. In more recent times these people have equipped themeslves with British-type 1861 muskets and prepared their own crude powder and shot locally.

The people are of Muslim faith (Mulai Sect). Farming is their only real occupation, the main crops being wheat, barley and oats. Another possible source of income is gold-washing in the streams, but a legend persists that this is a dishonourable profession; yet prospecting parties from Gilgit and other states make a handsome living in this way. Embroidery work is a common art of the women folk, and although their work is of a high standard, they do no more than satisfy their own needs.

The fast-moving rivers offer great possiblities as a source of power, but so far the only purpose for which water is harnessed is in primitive flour mills, where a large stone wheel is rotated by water pressure.

North of Hunza, the old trade route into Sinkiang and Russian Turkestan follows along a steep and narrow gorge which the river has cut through the heart of the Karakoram Ranges, and the picturesque surroundings are once more hidden by the precipitous walls of the valley. Travel is slow and hazardous due to the frequent necessity of stream crossings, which can only be managed in the early morning or late evening. In the heat of the day, the streams are impassable barriers of surging icy water fed from the snow, rolling along with them a procession of huge boulders at terrifying speed.

Villages are far apart. The first night out from Hunza is spent at Sarat, where-despite the high elevation (approximately 8,000 ft.), a large fraction of the population is suffering from malaria. Near Sarat there still remains evidence of the mighty land-slide of the 1880's, which dammed the Hunza River for six months and resulted in a terrific flood. Its influence was felt as far downstream as Attock, where the Indus flooded and caused a high deathroll.

Beyond Sarat, the mountain slopes usually against the river and narrow dangerous tracks have been built around spurs that would otherwise be impassable. In many places, the track is built upon timbers wedged into crevices in the rock, and in others narrow paths have been cut into vertical cliffs. On such a track near Gulmit, we lost a pack-

horse which fell six hundred feet into the river below.

Approaching Pasu, we by-pass the large, Gulmit and Ghulkin Glaciers which terminate near the edge of the Hunza River, and enter into a much broader but extremely barren part of the valley—the real Central Asian Desert. The Karakorams are now behind us but a score or so miles ahead we see the prominent Karun Pir and Hindu Kush Ranges, forming a natural boundary between the neighbouring countries. To the east is the pass leading into Shimshal, and to the west a steep whale-back dividing the great Pasu and Batura Glaciers.

The traveller does not become fully aware of the hardships and primitive way of life of the Hunza people until he has ventured with them into the mountains, and has seen the rugged terrain where they graze their stock and search out wood supplies. Let us travel then with a party of hillmen into the northern fringes of the Karakoram Range south-east of Pasu village. There are several coolies to carry your bedding and food supplies, and the guide is the Mir Sahib's head Shikari who is equipped with an ancient looking 303 rifle and an ice pick.

The party leaves Pasu in the early hours of the morning by way of a narrow track leading across saturated wheat fields into the broad and barren lower vally of the Pasu Glacier. The snout of the glacier can be seen as a massive dirty grey pile half a mile or so up the valley, and we approach this along a stony foot-pad, hemmed in on one side by the rushing streams weeping from the glacier, and on the other by sheer rock faces at the valley sides. On arriving at the glacier, the shikari makes a short detour to collect fragments of clean ice to fill his water-bag—a dried out melon skin—for here we leave the valley and will spend the heat of the day ascending the barren mountains which form a divide between this and Batura Glacier.

The next stage of the journey is quite unnerving as we follow up narrow crevices and shelves in an almost vertical cliff several hundred feet high. The guide assists and confidence is restored by the ease with which the heavily burdened coolies make the ascent. Loose boulders are dislodged and crash noisily into the valley below, but the likelihood of this had been anticipated and there is nobody beneath to be endangered.

At the west of the precipitous rock face there is a small flat where a group of hillmen are resting, and beside them are heavy bundles of wood which they have carried from the mountains beyond. We also sit for a while, as this is one of the places where it is customary for the locals to take a short respite. Looking about, a few snow-clad peaks

have come into view, but immediately before us there looms up the long narrow ridge of rocky outcrops which has to be climbed before nightfall.

The upward trek proceeds in single file throughout the blazing heat of the mid-summer day. By late afternoon we are 15,000 feet, above sea level, having climbed 7,000 feet since morning. The secenry has improved with the elevation, and now we are confronted with a magnificent panorama of snow-covered mountains and glaciers, with here and there clusters of pines, and grassy tablelands covered with a mat of delicate wild flowers. We notice among the vegetation patches of rhubarb and celery flourishing in their natural setting, and many varieties of poppies, carnations, marigolds and other flowers which are cultivated in European gardens.

The highlight of this glorious alpine scenery is the tremendous Batura Glacier—the fourth largest mountain glacier in the world—which can be seen following a curvilinear course to the north for over thirty miles, and becomes lost in the extensive snow-fields at its source.

The elated spirits of the newcomer to this scenic paradise are gradually suppressed by the depressing influence of the lack of oxygen at this altitude, and by the end of the day he is overcome with extreme fatigue. The camp for the night is in an unoccupied goat-herder's hut near snow-line, at a place named Patum Das, and the servants are busy heating clear ice gathered from fissures in the rock, in preparation to make *chae* or tea. The shikari has gone quietly away to search for game—ibex, markhor, marco polo sheep, or snow leopards, while the coolies have migrated to nearby goat herder's settlements to purchase curds for their evening meal. Small girls are herding the goats into mud shelters for the night and the women are busy with the milking.

After sundown, bitterly cold conditions set in and provide a refreshing change to the parched heat of the day. The party retires early, coolies nestle up in their all-purpose woollen chogas, an overcoat type of garment which they also use as a wrapping for their luggage when travelling. The newcomer's sleep is disturbed by an unpleasnt sensation caused by difficulty in breathing sufficient oxygen, the dampness and earth smell of his temporary dwelling and by the numerous fleas which arrive to share the warmth of his bedding.

In the morning, a fresh carpet of snow lies about the huts, and trickles of mud from the earthen roofs have splattered your bedding. Ominous storm clouds obscure the crests of many of the nearby peaks, and the rising columns of vapour about these look for all the world like erupting volcanoes. The shikari returns from an early hunt with news that

he has shot a large markhor, and several coolies go with him to retrieve the beast.

The weather clears quite suddenly, and the party sets off down the southern slope of the ridge to visit other small habitated flats near the edge of Pasu Glacier. The descent is simple and in no time we have dropped to about 12,000 feet, to a group of huts known as Lazhdar. Here the coolies adorn their heads with the native flowers which grow so prolifically near the glacier, and we rest for a while before crossing the ice.

A few miles up the valley is the huge amphitheatre of snowy peaks at the source of the glacier, and at frequent intervals we notice a dull rumble and see avalanches of snow and ice crash down the steep escarpments. At our vantage point, the valley has narrowed considerably to about a mile in width, and bleak precipices, too steep for snow to accumulate on, tower into the sky. There is continual danger everywhere from falling stones and boulders, which have been lossened by the melting snow, and crash about us at a terrific speed.

The long and arduous trek across the glacier commences and the shikari leads the way among the ice ridges and crevasses of its irregularly dissected surface. At this time of the year, the coverage of snow has gone and the deep gorges in the ice are readily noticeable; nevertheless, the surface is so slippery that there is need for caution. The margins of the glacier are dirty and uninteresting due to their high content of rock debris, but near the centre the ice becomes quite clear with a pale blue tinge, and the deep caverns, crevasses and frail ice bridges sparkle in the sunlight with fascinating beauty. Crystal clear streamlets tumble into the crevasses to join the larger streams which can be heard at great depths beneath the ice.

We spend the eveing at a small settlement beside the glacier named Pasu Gah, and finally sleep despite the distractions of constant cracking noises in the glacier, and the loud reports of stones falling near the camp. Next day we return down the valley to Pasu, and pay off the assistants who have proved such skilful and trustworthy companions.

Enough has been said to reveal that the Hunza people live a hard and primitive life, but for all this, they are kind and considerate, and have earned my sincere admiration and respect.

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